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CHRISTIAN HERALD

LEVEL ONE

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MORE THAN 20 FEATURES
STORIES AND ARTICLES

WE'RE HUNGRY!

Will You *Feed Us?*

LET your contribution say "YES" to the hungry—let us feed them first and then find out why they are not working and taking care of themselves. The Mission's staff knows men and knows how to deal with them; knows the deserving from the fakirs who play on the sympathies of the inexperienced.

The Mission's Labor Bureau gets work for the men who really want it and the Mission gives them shelter and food until they are able to care for themselves. The man out of work and penniless can keep clean by using the Mission's laundry room and its showers; he can mend his shoes and clothing or, when they are too far gone, the Mission will give him clean and mended clothing.

In 1937 5,014 men mended their shoes
7,811 men mended their suits
31,152 washed their clothing
7,752 men had their hair cut
37,431 men shaved themselves
80,665 bathed themselves
11,790 pieces of clothing distributed

●

The man out of work and homeless in New York needs a friend—we are asking you to let us be that friend.

The Bowery Mission believes in helping the men do things for themselves—the one thing they cannot do for themselves is done by a man who was out of work—a barber who cuts the men's hair and earns a small salary doing it.

A dirty, ragged man cannot get work, he is shunned as though he were a leper. When we make it possible for men to keep themselves clean, we help them take the first step toward a job.

Let us feed the hungry and give beds to the homeless—let us keep the BOWERY MISSION a place of refuge for men in distress.

$1 buys 10 meals. Making it possible for men to take baths costs money—keeping the Mission warm costs money. . . .

EVERY DOLLAR HELPS

BOWERY MISSION & YOUNG MEN'S HOME
BUSINESS OFFICE, 419 FOURTH AVE., N. Y. C.
1/38

Feed these hungry men and save them from the evils that result from unemployment—I am glad to help with $.....

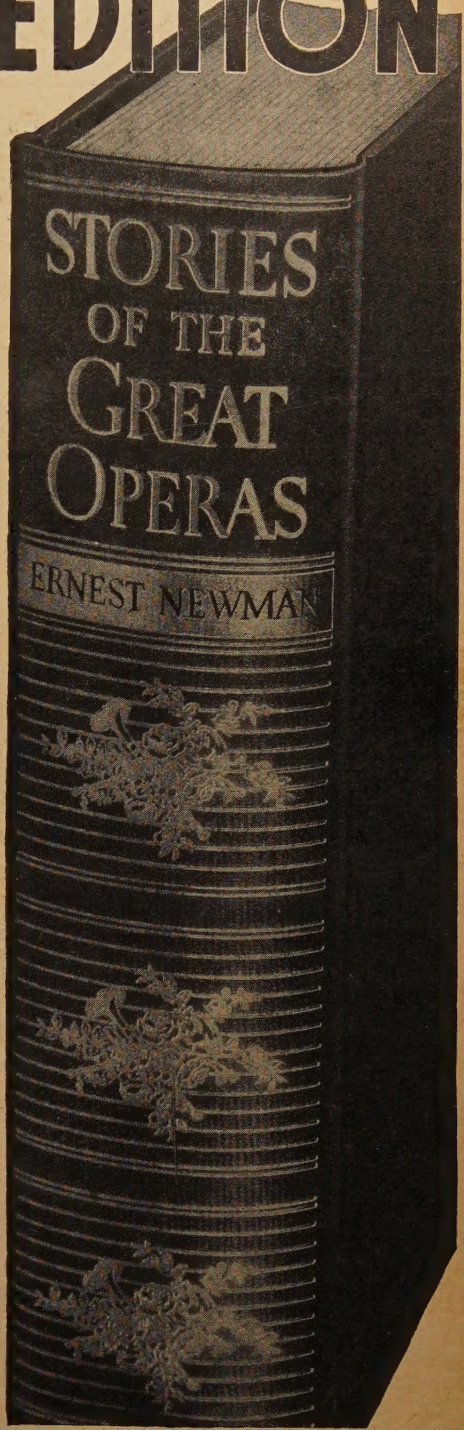
Name .....

Address .....

Free THIS FAMOUS DE LUXE EDITION

Stories of the Great Operas and Their Composers

1056 PAGES • FORMERLY IN THREE VOLUMES AT $10.50



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Such values are possible only because America's leading publishers have coöperated with us. They are allowing the Club to use the *original,* first-edition plates in printing these new De Luxe Editions. And the authors have agreed to smaller royalties.

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"Stories of the Great Operas and Their Composers," by Ernest Newman, is typical of De Luxe Editions Club books. This beautiful volume is 2¼" thick, 8½" x 6" in size. Contains 1056 pages. Gives complete plots *and* musical movements of 30 greatest operas. Describes composers' lives. Will double your enjoyment of Opera in the theatre or over the radio. Printed from identical plates of original three-volume, $10.50 edition. Also contains 790 *illustrated* musical quotations. But whether you read music or not, you will enjoy and profit richly from this great book. Bound in handsome cardinal buckram, richly imprinted in gold.

SEND NO MONEY

If such bargains appeal to you—if you would like to *spend less* for books and *have far more* to show for it—then accept Free a Charter Membership in The De Luxe Editions Club! Send no money with the Membership Coupon below. Your *free* copy of "Stories of the Great Operas" will be sent to you at once. With it will come the current month's bargain selection and the current issue of the Club's "Folio"—a monthly magazine of interest to all book lovers. The "Folio" is free, to Members exclusively. Each month it tells unusual facts about the current Book Selection. And it reviews the coming month's selection as well. Thus Members always know *in advance* what the next book will be. Your subscription for the "Folio" will begin at once, without cost. Mail the coupon now!

The De Luxe Editions Club
Dept. 1 C. H.
Garden City, N. Y.

FREE CHARTER MEMBERSHIP COUPON

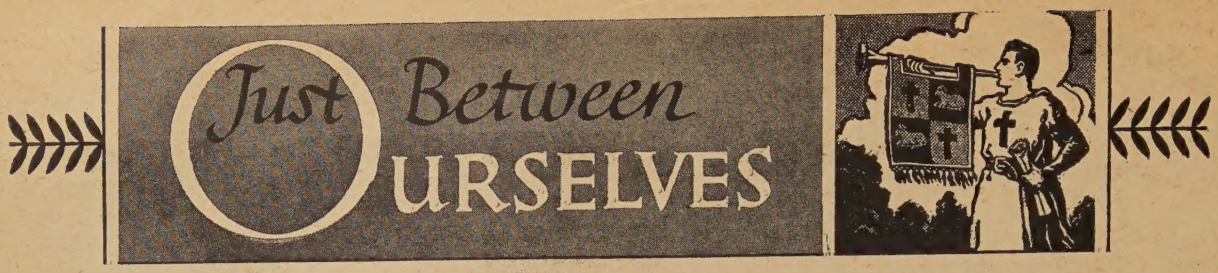
THE DE LUXE EDITIONS CLUB
Dept. 1 C. H., Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me free as a Charter Member and send me each month the members' exclusive publication "THE FOLIO" which reviews the current and forthcoming selections. My membership will bring to me, each month for an entire year, the Club's De Luxe Selection—a book that formerly sold for $5.00, $10.00, or even more—but which I am to have for only $1.69 plus the few cents postage. In consideration of my enrollment as a Charter Member at this time, you are to send me at once, *absolutely free,* my gift copy of STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

We Are Growing

WHEN the December issue of *Christian Herald* went to press we could not quite be sure of the total amount of circulation of that issue. We can now safely state that it had the largest paid circulation of the past twenty years—255,000.

Thus the *Christian Herald* family starts the New Year bigger than ever. We wish it were possible to personally thank all the thousands of members of our family who have sent *Christian Herald* to friends. Such gifts are double-barrelled. On the one hand they greatly encourage us and on the other help to spread the message of Christian Faith—the message which has always and will always be the great and binding purpose of *Christian Herald*.

Next October *Christian Herald* will be sixty years old. During those years many magazines have been born and many have died. Some have achieved enormous circulation only to wither away when the passing fancy skipped lightly to other interests. Though *Christian Herald* will soon be sixty years old, unlike human beings, it has not aged. No magazine can grow old and live; each year it is reborn to meet the new requirements of modern publishing. Each year should increase its vitality. Yet in one respect *Christian Herald* has an advantage over other magazines—the rock on which it is built is everlasting. The thoughts of men, the form of presentation, may change—even about Christianity—but Christianity itself never changes. It remains throughout wars and depressions and governments the most constant and inspiring element of human life. Play, and love, and worldly success each take their turn in our lives, but Christ is necessary to every year and every phase.

So *Christian Herald* has built its house, not on the shifting sands of popular fancy, but on the Everlasting Rock of Christian Faith. Those of us to whom God has entrusted its destiny for the moment have high hopes of making this sixtieth year of its life the greatest of all.

We believe every instrument of Christian Faith should stand proud and strong beside the secular institutions. We believe *Christian Herald* should rank in quality, and beauty with the best of magazines. We believe in using all the modern technique of magazine publishing to accomplish this. But you may be sure that we will not confuse cheap popularity with progress—that we will never leave the Rock of Ages on which *Christian Herald* has been built.

Now Let the Bells Ring

IN "OUT of My Mail" in the November issue, Mr. Winfield W. Robinson of Batavia, N. Y. offered to give two large locomotive bells to small churches. Here is another letter from Mr. Robinson which gave us all a thrill:

"Up to date ninety-two replies have been received from this notice. A committee assisted me in reading over the applications and in picking out the two churches which we thought the bells were most suitable for. Many features were considered in the deliberations, such as the distance the members were located from the churches, having in mind the limited carrying sound of a locomotive bell. The awards were made as follows:

1. A bell from a locomotive of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. to the Walpole Union Church of Walpole, Maine, Rev. Vinal D. Kelsey, pastor.
2. A bell from a locomotive of the New York and Pennsylvania Railway Company to the First Congregational Church of Marblehead, Ohio. Rev. H. B. Allen, pastor.
3. A large-sized school or farm bell (not mentioned in the notice) to the Faith Hill Community House of Morris Fork, Kentucky, Rev. Chester G. Rauck, pastor."

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Betty's rehearsing a lesson in Gum Massage that Mother and Dad ought to know!

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

SHE doesn't know all her multiplication tables nor the capitals of every state, but there's one school subject Betty knows well. Even at her tender age she knows the importance of gum massage to help assure a lifetime of *sparkling teeth and sound, healthy gums.*

In many modern schools, youngsters are learning that gums need care as well as teeth. For, as dental authorities explain—today's soft foods rob gums of hard chewing—deny them the vigorous exercise they need for health. Gums tend to grow flabby and tender. Then, all too often—they rebel—flash that warning tinge of "pink."

The first time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist immediately.* You may not be in for trouble, but let him be the judge. Usually, however, he'll blame our modern soft foods. And his verdict will probably be "more work, more exercise for those lazy gums"—and, as many dentists advise, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help strengthen the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer, healthier—to look better and feel better.

So try Ipana and massage, today—let this sensible oral health routine help you to a *brighter,* more *attractive* smile.

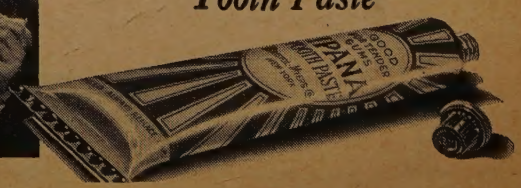
DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new Rubberset *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

SISTER GETS A BEAUTY HINT FROM BETTY—(AGE SEVEN)

GUM MASSAGE? WHY BETTY, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THAT BEFORE!
TEACHER SAYS YOU MUST DO IT EVERY TIME YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH, SIS!
FRED NEVER SAID SUCH NICE THINGS ABOUT MY SMILE BEFORE!

IPANA

Tooth Paste



To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have the constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today—and especially in Liberty Magazine—than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?" John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing.

The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. All applicants do not pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the *practical* training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy-Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your *individual* manner instead of trying to copy the style of others.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced newspaper men.

It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

Free

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Christian Herald, January.

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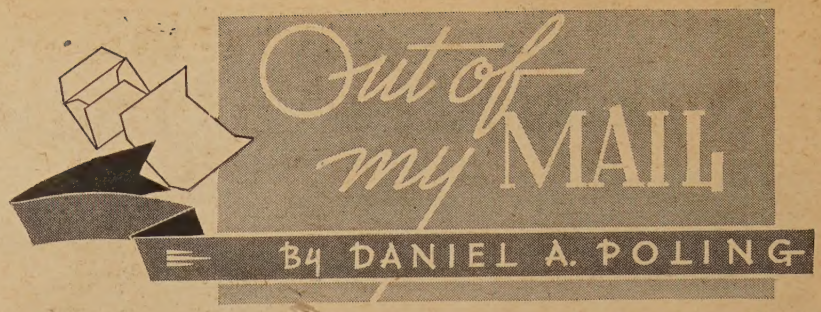

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

SHOULD FATHER COUGHLIN BE SILENCED?

Do you think that Father Coughlin should be silenced?

NO. In a good many instances, I think that Father Coughlin should have silenced himself. Frequently, I very definitely disagree with him, but Father Coughlin should not be silenced.

When anyone or any institution shuts off free speech in America, free speech for Father Coughlin or any man, it is bad for America. No. Father Coughlin should not be silenced.

SHOULD U. S. DISARM?

Do you believe the U. S. should disarm?

NO. Under present conditions, I do not favor disarmament. I have favored and favor now disarmament progressively by agreement between the responsible nations of the world. I favor, too, leadership, world leadership by our government in this field.

INDIVIDUAL SIN

If a person is truly born again, can he sin and draw himself away from God?

IT IS always possible for a person to sin. It is always possible for us to draw ourselves away from God. We never reach a state in grace where we can afford to become complacent, self-satisfied, and spiritually proud. Eternal vigilance is the price of a thoroughgoing continuing Christian life.

SERIOUS PROBLEMS—OR A GIRL'S FANCIES?

I am a young high school girl with friends whose social activities are contrary to the desires of my parents. Already I have given up an intimate friendship with a young man who drank. . . . Are these serious problems, or just childish fancies?

I WISH that I could sit down and talk with the one asking the question about the very grave problems she faces. You see, I regard these as grave problems. Indeed, some of the most serious questions that confronted me came to me when I was a young man, a very young man. The situations that we face when we are seventeen may be quite as significant and testing as any that we meet in later life.

This young lady is wise to give up the *intimate* friendship with the young man who drank, though I hope that she may be able to influence him to change his habit.

We who are older become entirely too exacting, sometimes, in what we require of young people. This girl's desire for happiness is normal. She would be a strange and unnatural person indeed if she did not wish to have associations with other young people. Character is strengthened when we give up that which hurts and hinders, but character is strengthened, too, when we find release for our lives in worthwhile and happy associations.

BOXING IN THE CHURCH BASEMENT

What is your opinion of a group which holds its meetings in a church basement on week nights and some times has boxing matches in the church basement?

I AM open to the charge of prejudice here, for I have always enjoyed boxing. It is glorious exercise and may be a fine moral task. There is a world of difference between boxing and prize-fighting. Boxing in the basement of a church arranged for social and athletic activities and under proper direction is a fine thing.

CONFESSING EVIL

Do you think that a woman ought to tell her husband of her evil past?

NO, SHE ought to tell him before he is her husband and give him a free chance to decide whether he wants her then to be his wife. Also, the man who does less than that with the woman he hopes to marry is less than an honest man, and he is headed for trouble.

MATERIALISM OR RELIGION

Can a student take courses in modern materialistic philosophy which take a mechanistic view of the universe and its origin, leaving little if any room for spiritual forces, without injuring his religious beliefs?

IT IS my opinion that such courses for the time being at least seriously disturb the fundamental religious faith of

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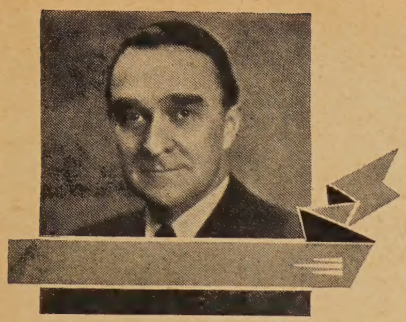

YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

those who take them. However, again and again I have observed young people emerging from temporary intellectual doubt and denial to stand upon firm foundations of religious faith. In my opinion it is a tragedy when young people in high school and college come under the influence of teachers who are merely negative intellectuals. Science and philosophy do not destroy faith, but some scientists and philosophers have been responsible for tragic intellectual and spiritual disasters in young lives. I have advised with my own children in selecting institutions of learning which though fully equipped and thoroughly scientific are definitely Christian.

CHANCES FOR AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

I am not a legitimate child. Do I have as much chance as a legitimate child in the eyes of God?

YES, absolutely, not only in the eyes of God but more and more in the eyes of society. God does not hold you accountable for that past. Your responsibility is the present and future—what you make out of your own life.

SHOULD DIFFERENT FAITHS MARRY?

My son, though perhaps not engaged, is very deeply interested in a young woman of another faith. Perhaps the relationship does not involve fundamental respect—there are grave problems here. In your opinion, should they or should they not marry?

I APPRECIATE deeply the sad problem that confronts the persons concerned in this son's present relationships with this young woman. It would seem to me, however, that unless there is a foundation of deep love and respect between them, a hasty marriage under pressure would only add to the misfortune and grief. Two wrongs can not possibly make a right. On the other hand, even though there is a difference of faith, a difference that has led me, out of wide experience, to advise against mixed marriages, if the young man and the young woman love each other, certainly they should not longer postpone marriage.

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JANUARY, 1938 Vol. 61, No. 1
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Man at Work

LOOK AT HIM work on that cup! Somehow . . . from somewhere . . . instinct has told him, *"Get busy . . . help those teeth to come through. It's job Number One."*

Like every baby, he is entitled to *good, sound teeth* all his life. Nature intended it.

But what are the odds against him? If he's an average child, recent surveys show that—when he is in grade school, he will have two infected teeth . . . by the time he's 31, six teeth will be gone, and five more infected.

These facts are not mentioned to alarm you. Rather—this is an assurance that—by acting at once—you can spare your child the pain, ill health and expense visited on you and your generation by infected teeth.

True—Nature can no longer do the job alone. But science has proved that *most tooth decay can now be prevented* . . . with the 3 "D's": Diet . . . Dental Care . . . Daily Brushing.

And Squibb has prepared two scientific dentifrices. Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder. They *do more* than clean teeth and sweeten breath. Squibb dentifrices contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them.

See your dentist or doctor about your children's teeth. It's job number one. (Remember, the cost of prevention is nothing compared to the cost of repairing the ravages of infection.)

Today—start your children on the Squibb Plan below. If you set an example to them, you'll find that you, too, will be sure to benefit!

Authorities Agree . . .
MOST TOOTH DECAY CAN BE PREVENTED BY THIS PLAN
The Squibb Plan

1. Brush your teeth and massage your gums thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.
2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

BE SURE TO GET SQUIBB QUALITY

Millions know that—in the following home necessities—nothing but the purity and quality of Squibb will do.

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—*a safe, internal regulator.*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN—*pure and promptly effective.*

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL—*exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D . . . a true economy.*

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—*free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . another sign of purity.*

SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE—*refined to an unusual degree of purity.*

SQUIBB
ACID-NEUTRALIZING *Dental Cream*

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

$25.00 WEEKLY BENEFIT

Limited Sickness and Accident Policy

NORTH AMERICAN'S PREMIER POLICY is not life insurance nor old-age insurance. It is specific protection against the many common sicknesses and accidents that are happening about us every day. Think for a minute! If you had to have an appendicitis operation . . . if you were struck by an automobile, would your income continue? Would your savings be ample to tide you over? Or would you need help? In case of stated sickness and accidents, the Premier Policy pays you $25.00 a week in cash; helps with your doctors' and hospital bills, provides an emergency fund to help return you from where you were hurt or taken ill, and provides a principal sum of $10,000. Under it you are protected, whether at home or traveling in the United States, Canada or Europe.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Men and women from 16 to 69 years of age are eligible, and no medical examination is required. The total premium is $10.00 for a full year's protection—less than 3c a day. There are no other dues, or assessments. Even this low premium may be paid in small monthly installments if preferred.

● SPECIAL AUTOMOBILE CLAUSE INCLUDED WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE

Pays $25 Weekly Benefit for stated disabling injuries sustained while riding in or driving a private automobile or by being struck by any moving conveyance.

DEPENDABLE PROTECTION

The North American Accident Insurance Company is the oldest and largest exclusive sickness and accident insurance company in America. It has given protection against sickness and accidents for more than 51 years . . . more than $23,000,000 has been paid out in claims. North American operates under the supervision of 47 State Insurance Departments, and its Premier Limited Policy — free from "red tape" — is issued with the guarantee, that if not found completely satisfactory, it may be returned at any time within ten days, and all payments will be refunded.

TOTAL COST ONLY

$10 A YEAR

Can Be Paid Monthly If Desired

FREE BOOKLET

Send in the coupon below for the FREE booklet, "Cash or Sympathy" which explains simply and clearly, without legal terms, exactly what the Premier Policy offers you. You owe it to your family and yourself to read the details of this specific protection against accidents and sickness. The booklet will come to you *through the mail*, so that you may read it over in the privacy of your home—and there is no obligation whatever. Write today!

NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO

744 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey

Established 1886—51 Years ★ *AGENTS Wanted for New Territory*

FREE BOOKLET

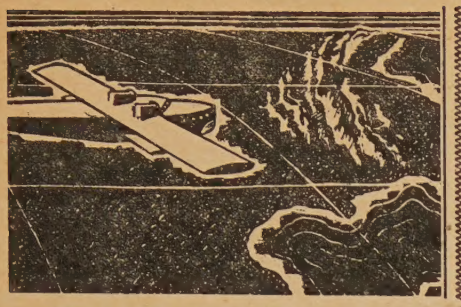
North American Accident Insurance Company,
744 Title Bldg., Newark, New Jersey.

I would like to receive a copy of your FREE booklet, "Cash or Sympathy" THROUGH THE MAILS. I understand there is no obligation.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

His Father Was There

TWENTY years ago, a Presbyterian minister and a Methodist Bishop turned in a report on conditions in the Pennsylvania steel industry that produced an eight-hour day. They were Dr. John McDowell and Bishop Francis J. McConnell.

Two weeks ago the same two were rolled into the operating rooms of New York's Presbyterian Medical Center. Bishop McConnell recovered, and went home. Dr. McDowell succumbed . . . and went Home. Said Robert E. Speer at his funeral, "Like a golden light, he comes back to us." That reminds us of a story we once heard John McDowell tell. The story of a light.

This man was once a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. In the course of coal-mine events, he was promoted to drive a mule. The mule pulled him and his coal car through the dark tunnels to a dangerous intersection of track, where more than one car had collided with another, and more than one boy driver been killed. Young John, behind his mule, approached that crossing with fear and trembling in his heart; he was frightened nearly out of his wits.

But as he turned a corner and approached the crossing, he saw a tiny gleam of light. When he reached the deadly spot, he brushed a tear from his eye, and smiled. There stood his father, with a lantern in his hand.

How he could tell that story! And how certain he was, all through his glorious life, that he would find his Father at every crossroads, with a Light gleaming, to guide him through. He served a lifetime as bond-slave to the Great Certainty of God, and we have not a doubt that when he came to cross the gulf that separates this life from the next, he found his Father there, waiting for him. . . .

What a world this would be if, right now, with uncertainty and doubt waiting like murderers at every crossroads, men and nations would only stop their shouting long enough to look for the gleam of the Light, and follow it.

‹‹‹ AT HOME ›››

WASHINGTON

CONGRESS AGAIN: The special session of Congress is meeting as we go to press. You'll all know what they did or didn't do, long before this *Herald* reaches you.

More timely, perhaps, is the line-up of parties in this special session, and in the regular session of Congress that will follow it. Here it is:

Party	Senate	House
Democrats	76	328
Republicans	16	90
Farmer-Laborites	2	5
Progressives	1	8
Independent	1	
Vacancies		4
Total membership	96	435

That's how the votes will fall. Do your own predicting.

CAPITAL REPORTERS: Interesting, too, is the book on Washington reporters just published by Leo Rosten. He finds the typical Capital reporter to be 37 years old, college-bred, seldom divorced, pro-Roosevelt and pro-New Deal, son of a professional father and collecting an average salary of $5,987 a year. He thinks the N. Y. *Times* the most reliable newspaper, the Hearst newspapers the most unreliable; Raymond Clapper's column he thinks is the best; he favors higher taxes on the higher incomes, opposes government ownership of public utilities.

That's important. What they think colors what they write; what they write colors what we think.

EAST

MERCHANT MARINE—IF ANY: Hard-boiled, honest, illuminating is the report of the U. S. Merchant Marine just turned in by Joseph Patrick Kennedy of the Maritime Commission. Says Kennedy:

Nine-tenths of our merchant fleet will be obsolete within five years. The U. S. Government has spent $3,800,000,000 in the last twenty years on the Merchant Marine, and all we have to show for it is a few hundred aging relics.

What is needed? Not more freighters, nor super-liners, but "fireproof, vibrationless, attractive, economical, vessels of reasonable size and speed."

How shall we get them? With the help of $50,000,000 of taxpayers' money, plus a permanent policy of private ownership and government aid.

What do we want them for? Not so much for shipping freight and passengers; we need 1,000 merchant ships of all types as auxiliary ships for the U. S. Navy.

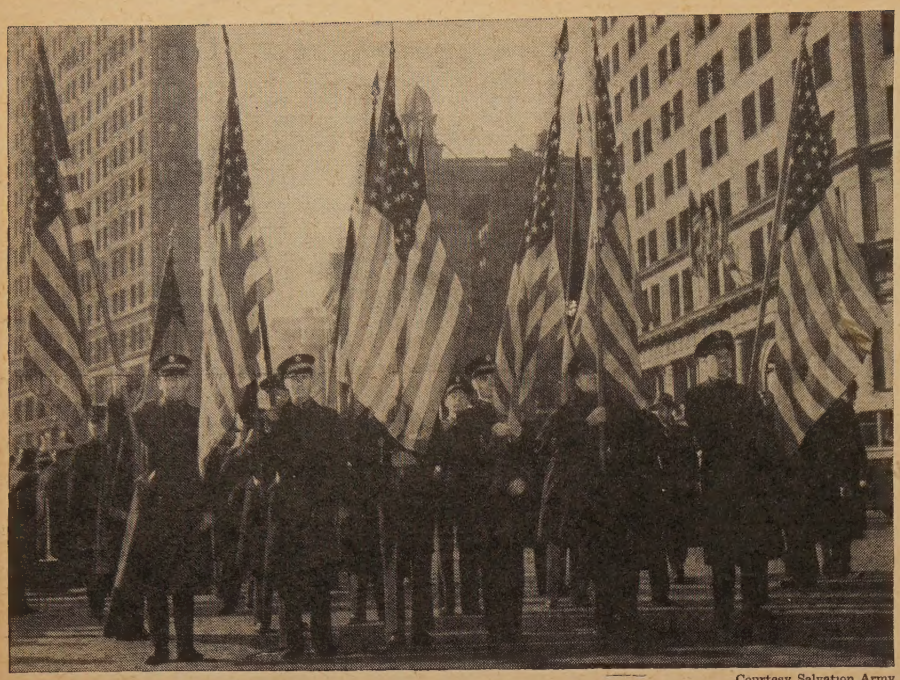
GEORGIA: A new deal is in sight for Georgia's four thousand felons and three thousand misdemeanants. The historic and much-publicized chain gang is on the way out.

Governor Rivers and his legislators plan to replace it with a system of honor camps centered around the new $1,600,000 prison in Tattnall County. Segregation is planned for different classes of offenders, new industries will keep them occupied, new hospitals will house their sick and a new cottage-type prison will be erected for the woman offender.

All in all, it is about the most forward-looking prison program we have seen in a long time.

NEW YORK: On New Year's day, the fiery little son of an Italian cornetist will take his oath of office (for the second time) as Mayor of the City of New York. He was victor by over 400,000, elected by a coalition of Republicans, Democrats, Laborites.

The Laborites are important. A post-campaign picture of Mayor La Guardia shows him posing between two labor leaders, with a book in his hand titled "The Ultimate Power." Labor, having done so much to help him, now holds the balance if not the ultimate power in New York. New York will soon know what



Courtesy Salvation Army

On Armistice Day the Salvation Army also honored the soldiers of the World War. Above, the Color Corps of the Army is marching past the Eternal Light in Madison Square, New York City (to the left, just out of the picture.) In the background is the famous Flatiron Building and the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue

labor intends to do with it.

Watching from the side lines will be a ruined Tammany, saddled with a $100,000 debt and with no tin box in sight for four long years to come.

WEST VIRGINIA: The prisoners at Marion County jail deliberately passed up a turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day. They asked for pork, and got it.

Why? They preferred pig to turkey because they were all afraid of being stuck with the neck . . . or a wing.

NEW JERSEY: The only three-time Governor in the history of the State of New Jersey takes his office on January 1. He is Harry A. Moore.

His defeated Republican opponent, Rev. Lester Clee, demanded a recount in Hudson County, the bailiwick of Democratic boss Frank Hague, who rules Moore's party. He got it. Moore is still Governor-elect.

Addressing 1,000 ministers in Hudson County, Mr. Hague pounded a Bible on a church pulpit and shouted, "Listen: Here is the law. *I* am the law!"

A French King said that once. It made him most unpopular.

COLORADO: Josephine Roche has come home. She's been away three years, working as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, in Washington. Now she quits that to reaccept the Presidency of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company.

Resigning the Washington job, she said to the President: "Wherever you are, you can make the same fight for the people." Kindly and wide-awake, that has always been her major interest: people. She graduated from Vassar in 1917 and took a job as police-woman in Denver, just to clean up Denver's dance halls. By 1927 she was a director in Rocky Mountain Fuel, battling the stockholders to unionize her employees. She won.

Her miners call her Josephine; American workers call her "The Goddess of Labor." Everybody likes her. Says Secretary Morgenthau: "I hope she'll come back." Says Miss Roche: "I can't prophesy."

Anywhere, she is easily America's most distinguished business woman.

FLORIDA: The Klan rides again in Florida, and Florida is worried about it. The Order is out in the open. Robed members recently officiated at a funeral of one of their members in St. Petersburg; crosses have been burned in many a town; parades are announced in advance.

Weeks ago, the Miami Klan held a public initiation for 150 in a city park. Hours later a band of white-robed men raided a night club, assaulted entertainers, smashed furniture and stole a watch. The Klan, of course, denied being there. But when you put on a mask, you encourage suspicion.

CANADA: Canada is clamping down on the radicals. On the door of Montreal's *La Clarte,* radical and some say Communist weekly, is a government padlock. It is the law; the new padlock law being enforced by its author, Premier Maurice Duplessis.

Montreal has 500 Communists; the Province of Quebec has but 1500; all Canada has but 15,000.

The C. I. O. has been refused recognition by Canada's Attorney General. "Friends of the Spanish Government" and "Friends of the Soviet Union" have been refused a chance to present their case to the people.

Not being Canadian, and not yet knowing the whole story, it is not for us to judge the wisdom of the Premier's actions. From a distance, however, it all looks like a rather direct denial of free speech; and free speech, or a free soapbox, we know in the States, is about the best way to outwit a Communist. Give him enough rope, and he always does it for himself.

WEST

CALIFORNIA: The gangsters of New York and Chicago have a new theme-song: "California, here we come." At least Californian District Attorney Fitts is anticipating an influx of the outlaws now being driven out of the Eastern cities.

He has called in a corps of New York detectives to help him; police records, fingerprints and photographs of the gangsters have been sent West. The minute the undesirables cross the California line, they'll be stopped, turned back.

Why are they going to California? Well, there's always that climate. And then there's legalized horse-racing, and a general public thus far rather apathetic to enforcement of the vice laws. And the wages of racetracks and lawlessness is always . . . gangsters.

ABROAD

BRAZIL: In 1930 short, swarthy, grim-faced Getulio Vargas ran for President of Brazil and lost; he recruited an army of fighting buckaroos and made himself dictator. In 1937 his party refused to nominate him for President again, and he did it again. With a pen-stroke, he proclaimed a new Constitution and gave himself more dictatorial powers than ever. Cried the watching world: "Fascism, and on the American continent!"

It isn't that. This is no new dictatorship. For the last seven years Vargas has been the government of Brazil; he has only publicly proclaimed his power. Neither is it Fascism. Vargas' program states no plan of foreign or international action, such as we find in Italy and Germany. Nothing is said of race supremacy or solidarity; individual property is respected, and so is religious freedom. It is all nothing more than stereotyped South American politics.

More significant than the coup is its cause. Ignorance produced it: three-quarters of Brazil is illiterate. Poverty produced it; Brazil's leading crop, coffee, is a drug on the market; seven million bags are burned yearly; the farmers who raise it suffer. They also pay heavy taxes. The army and navy eat up more than one-quarter of the yearly national income. And Vargas plans to enlarge the army and navy! That's what will eventually beat him: finances.

Soon after news of the coup came the news that Brazil has banned the book "Tom Sawyer." Too radical!

VATICAN CITY: A news leak came out of the Vatican this month, saying that an order had been issued to the Roman Catholic missionaries and representatives in the Far East to aid the Japanese in their "fight on Communism." Immediately came a hot denial from the Vatican's publicists: "Absolutely false!"

Nobody knows how the "leak" happened, nor who is responsible. But any newspaper man will tell you that to cover

the Vatican is a hard assignment; there is something vitally wrong about the handling of their news. Press agencies have worried over it for years; they say accuracy is difficult, under the present arrangement. Hence, tips one day, denials the next, and the truth forever clouded.

SHANGHAI: The war's over, so far as Shanghai is concerned. And now the real trouble begins for that portion of Shanghai known as The International Settlement.

Millions have been invested here by Western nations. More than this, it is the neutral gateway to China's trade. Now that the Japanese are in control, they plan to shut the gate.

Eden of England says England will never stand for that, and he means it. Trade is a lifeline, and the nations of the West, while proceeding cautiously when war threatened to drag them in, will be less cautious and more determined to see that the lifeline is not cut.

The real war begins. Now it is Japan vs. The West, with the trade of half the world as their prize.

BERLIN: Pastor Niemoeller is still in jail, his trial indefinitely postponed. He will be released when he promises to cease agitation against the Nazis. He will never promise that.

While he languishes, Hitler drives on against the Church. There is one pastor in jail for every one of Martin Luther's ninety-six theses. Storm Troopers are being called to shun and to fight the "foreign ideology of Christianity." Nothing less than a completely new and Nazified Church is their goal.

But not all the Troopers, it seems, are anti-Christian. Chaplains in the armed forces have warned Hitler that his policy of church destruction is weakening the military unity of the nation and its confidence in Reich leaders; they ask him to call a halt to the program of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, chief church-baiter, or at least to give the Christians a chance to defend themselves.

The fate of Hitler may hang on what he does with Rosenberg; the fate of the Church hangs on her standing fast. This persecution may be a blessing. Steel is only steel because it has been through the fire. Out of the fires of Nazism may come what Germany has always lacked; a Church cut free of the State.

LONDON: It's belated news, but worth thinking about as we face 1938. George VI, placing a wreath on the Cenotaph on Armistice Day, paid no attention whatever to the lunatic who broke through police lines screaming, "Stop this hypocrisy. You're deliberately preparing for war, and you know it." He was knocked down, silenced.

The same day, outside a church, another Londoner shouted: "The dead are all right. But what about me? I haven't eaten any breakfast." He was mobbed.

They chose a poor place to say what they said. But is there anything in what they said? Was that so . . . crazy?

MEXICO: By Presidential decree, President Cardenas of Mexico has "nationalized" over two million acres of oil lands held by American and French concerns. It is the first seizure of land directly under foreign contract. The Mexicans are cheering. The foreigners are shouting, "Robbery!" Cardenas is boasting that he has taken more land from the rich and given it to the poor than all the combined Presidents of the last 15 years.

On Thanksgiving Day Cardenas moved again. He asked the National Railway Worker's Syndicate to take over and operate Mexico's railroads.

HAITI: Rumors of mass murder along the Copotillo River have Washington worried. Wild-eyed Haitians, emigrants to next-door Dominican Republic, have been staggering back to Haiti with wild tales of slaughter; they have been knifed, clubbed, shot, thrown to sharks, hundreds were shot at once, they said, in a Dominican fortress. Haitian Foreign Minister Georges Leger has told President Roosevelt that 5,000 Haitians have been killed, that troops are mobilized on the borders.

Why is Washington worried? There are huge American sugar, cotton, coffee interests in Haiti and the Dominican Republic. And the collection of customs in both countries helps mightily in redeeming American loans.

International, Newsphoto

The very undictatorly-appearing gentleman above, at the left, chatting gaily with one of his officers, is President Getulio Vargas of Brazil, whom some accuse of instituting a dictatorship a la Mussolini

TEMPERANCE

FAME IN MILWAUKEE: Years back, Schlitz Brewing Co. used to advertise "The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous." A month back, a committee of Milwaukee ministers took a good look at Milwaukee's taverns and night life, and decided that beer (plus the hard liquor that always goes with it) was making Milwaukee infamous.

They discovered that the city had one tavern or saloon for every 280 of its population; that taverns stayed open all night; that minors under eighteen could buy anything, anytime; that High School students frequented taverns at 2 A. M. In one place, ten women were drunk.

Such is fame!

IOWA, ARIZONA: Court decisions in Iowa and Arizona have affirmed the legality of urinalysis and blood-tests as evidence in drinking-driver traffic accidents. Appreciating the value of that, Vice-President Charles R. Jones of the American Business Men's Research Foundation said in a speech in Chicago: "Scientific blood and urine tests of suspected had-been-drinking-drivers and pedestrians should be required by law in every State in the Union and should, if possible be supplemented by Federal enactment."

THE ROAD BACK: Record for 1937: One hundred Pennsylvania counties voted bone dry; Tennessee voted to stay dry by 60,000 majority; Oklahoma decided (120,000) to keep her prohibition amendment; last Election Day, fifty-two per cent of all towns in Maine voted dry; Dale and Autauga Counties in Alabama voted dry; Kentucky, our biggest whiskey-producing State, is now one-third dry; so are sections of New Hampshire, Vermont, Ohio, and New York.

Are we finding the road back to national prohibition?

MORE OR LESS: A survey of outstate counties in Missouri reveals that sixty to seventy-five per cent of all crimes for a given period of time have booze as the underlying cause.

The Missouri Excise Commissioners report that St. Louis has issued 3,305 liquor-selling licenses up to July 31, 1937. This is several hundred more saloons than St. Louis had before Prohibition.

Was it the wets who promised: "The saloon must *not* return?"

PICARD AND PUBLICITY: Professor Picard, of stratosphere fame, has been looking around for financial backing for a new venture. But he warns: "I am perfectly willing to perform this flight in cooperation with business men; but I will not accept an offer from a firm which produces liquor or tobacco."

TEMPERANCE GOES HOLLYWOOD: "Don't quote me," says a Hollywood publicist, "but this drink question is getting plenty hot. . . . We have a lot of stars who neither smoke nor drink." Among the stars are:

Tom Mix, who will not play a part in which he must either smoke or drink; Reason: "To keep faith with the young boys who have been my admirers for years." Sonja Henie will touch neither, nor will Paul Muni nor Conrad Nagel. Jeanette McDonald says liquor would ruin her voice; besides, she "hates the stuff." An actor got drunk thirty years ago and a prop boy took his place; the prop boy was Guy Kibbe; Guy is still a teetotaler. "I neither smoke nor drink," says May Robson; "I don't have liquor in the house, nor serve it to my friends. But that doesn't mean I have a dull time." Lee Tracy admits he's "Scared . . . scared to death of liquor."

And believe it or not, Miss Mae West neither smokes nor drinks in private life.

COMPARISON ALCOHOLIC: Gadsden, Alabama, is wet; Anniston, Alabama, is dry. They are almost exactly the same size. Arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct in Wet Gadsden in June,

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Above, refugees of all ages at Shanghai, China, are shown being given aid and food by foreign missionaries, after being forced to flee for their lives from their bomb-shattered homes by Japanese troops in their onward rush toward Nanking

July and August of 1937 were 941. In dry Anniston, 289. There's food for thought in that.

CONVENTION AFTERMATH: Colonel Jacob Ruppert spoke at the recent Brewers' convention in Pittsburgh; he did not seem aware that anything was wrong with the beer business. He weakly urged brewer cooperation in meeting the objections of those who charge that "anti-social conditions" surround the sale of beer.

Up jumped Federal Alcohol Administrator W. S. Alexander, with a dash of cold water for the Colonel: he deplored the tendency of the brewing industry to *escape government regulation.* Up jumped Miss Catherine Curtis, National Director of Women Investors of America, Inc., with more cold water: she warned the beer men not to assume that "because women participated in repeal they will stand for a return of conditions that existed before Prohibition."

Perhaps the cruelest cut of all came from Representative John J. Cochran of Mississippi, who once fought in Congress for repeal: "There are ominous clouds on the horizon. . . . It will not require a great deal of agitation to produce a formidable Prohibition Amendment in (the next) Congress." And a majority of the members of Congress come from *dry* districts!

Frightened, the brewers have drawn up a "Brewers' Code of Practice," promising to obey the law, promote "practical moderation and sobriety," to refuse to sell to minors, to tell the truth in advertizing, to. . . .

But why go on? They promised all that before repeal!

QUEER, THIS: A Judge in Boston freed a prisoner from a charge of manslaughter because, according to His Honor, the man was so drunk that he did not know what he was doing. His car had killed two.

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: In the November *Herald,* we asked for it. Ever since, we've been getting it. Was there in Methodism, we asked, a longer pastorate than Dr. Raymond L. Forman's nineteen years at St. Paul's, New York? There was! It turns out that nineteen years is a mere apprenticeship!

So many Methodist preachers have served twenty and twenty-five years that we can't even list them. So we start with thirty years. Drs. Otto F. Bartholow of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and W. C. Hall of Shamokin, Pa., have each served thirty-three years in their present charges; Rev. W. H. Russell has been thirty-seven years at Hazelton, Pa. Drs. George G. Vallentyne of Minneapolis and H. D. Atchinson of Dubuque, Iowa, are in their thirty-eighth years; an unnamed Indian preacher in Northern Minnesota Conference has a thirty-nine-year record.

Longest of all is Dr. E. J. Helms, who has served Morgan Memorial, Boston, for forty-two years. Second place goes to Dr. George H. Lorah, who has been at Green Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, for forty-one years.

Thanks, readers: what a loyal crowd you are, both to the *Herald* and to your preachers!

By next summer, there will be one great re-united Methodist Church, the largest Protestant church in America, with eight million members, 29,000 preachers. Unification wins!

Northern Methodists and Methodist Protestants have long since voted favorably on the merger; thirty of forty-two Southern Methodist Conferences have now voted "Aye." Formal ratification waits on the vote of the Southern group's General Conference next May. Without doubt, the vote will be "Aye!"

The Board of Foreign Missions attempted a stand, this month, on the Sino-Japanese War; both pacifists and militarists object to it; middle-of-the-roaders say it is all any Board or Church can say.

The Board condemns the *militarists* of Japan in their aggressive war, and seeks to encourage missions in both China and Japan: "Whatever other flags falter or fall, the banner of Christ must be upheld as the symbol of the highest patriotism."

It is a good statement. It is all the church can do, caught as she is in an impossible situation.

CONGREGATIONALIST-CHRISTIAN: Mr. Roger W. Babson, Moderator of the General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches, is reported as saying in an address to the Congregational Union of England and Wales that, should England go to war, America would stand "shoulder to shoulder" with her; or words to that effect.

It was a little too much. Mr. Babson was immediately challenged by his Church, and his promise repudiated. A resolution was passed by the Midwest Regional Meeting of Congregational and Christian Churches held at Fort Wayne, Ind., expressing the feeling that Mr. Babson had exceeded his authority. Basis for that was the declaration of the General Conference of 1934, in which the Congregationalists said plainly: "We call upon the people of our churches to renounce war and all its works and to refuse to support, sanction or bless it."

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST: In Convention assembled at Battle Creek, Seventh Day Adventists have resolved: to raise four-and-a-half million dollars next year for missions, over half-a-million more than last year; to replace with a special China Fund their completely destroyed twelve residences, office building, publishing house, and two schools in Shanghai; to enlarge their hospital work in Ethiopia, opposition or no opposition; to speak sternly to Adventist youth about dangerous amusements.

LUTHERANS: The United Lutherans have more jobs than it has preachers to fill them. Out of 5786 congregations in the U. S. and Canada, fifty want preachers and can't find them.

That is in sharp contrast with some other large U. S. denominations, which have long lists of preacher-unemployed, or more ministers than pulpits. Wanted: an adjuster.

Laymen will be used by the Lutherans while they wait for more seminary graduates. The seminarians, incidentally, will hereafter serve an apprenticeship or "interneship" as assistants to successful pastors; they will also serve in successful and unsuccessful mission stations before taking over their own charges. They should know something about church problems, by that time!

MENNONITES: Amish Mennonites will have nothing to do with written contracts or secular organizations. They pay Social Security taxes but refuse Social Security pensions; they pay labor-union dues, but shun union activities. Their religion forbids.

A year ago, Amishmen in East Lampeter Township, Pa., fought the building of a new $56,000 consolidated school. They lost their fight, and then they planned to defy the law by keeping their children home. A bitter fight loomed between Church and State; it was prevented by wise Governor Earle, who ruled that the Amishmen could keep their old one-room rural schools if they wanted to.

They thanked the Governor by voting him a Christmas turkey, jug of cider, and pumpkin, every Christmas until he dies. Happy ending! Everybody is satisfied . . . except possibly the turkey.

Total Old Order Amish Mennonite membership in the U. S. is 6,006, chiefly in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

REFORMED: Rev. George Edwin Talmage of Oyster Bay, Rector Emeritus of Christ Church and once pastor of Theodore Roosevelt, last week welcomed home a sister from China. She is Miss Katherine Talmage; she made the 6,000 mile trip from Amoy on a stretcher. She was not seasick, but "Just homesick. I feel that I am needed in China and I have deserted them when there is trouble."

That sounds like a brave young missionary talking. Miss Talmage is 84. And she wants to go back.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL: In New York City, the Protestant Episcopal Church has lost 8,584 members since 1910. But in Westchester County, just north of Manhattan, it has gained 12,223 since 1910.

Recommendations by a Committee of the Archdeaconry Council of Westchester: that New York Protestant Episcopal churches with dwindling memberships move to Westchester, the "fastest growing portion of the entire Angelican communion throughout the world." Also that fourteen Westchester "missions" be made regular parishes.

As though to deny that Manhattan Episcopalianism is slipping, Dr. John W. Suter, rector of 104-year-old Church of the Epiphany, announces that his new $300,000 edifice will be open twenty-four hours a day.

Reason: the neighborhood is full of hospitals, clinics, nurses' training schools. Doctors, nurses and scientists who work odd hours will be given an opportunity at Epiphany for odd-hour worship and prayer. Friends and relatives of patients in the hospitals will be provided a place to pray and meditate; they need not pace cold hospital corridors.

WE WERE RIGHT: May we crow a little? In the September *Herald*, we predicted that the Florida motorist who had been "sentenced to sermons" would get no good from them. He didn't.

Thirteen Sundays he went to Church, as the judge commanded; the fourteenth he spent in jail—drunken driving! You can lead a horse to water, but. . . .

PREACHING MISSION: The Federal Council of Churches reports that in preparation, response and effectiveness, the success of the National Preaching Mission has been fully as great this season as last. This success fully justifies the announced determination to continue these Missions until every part of the country has been directly reached.

RELIGION IN PICTURES: Religious journalism is eternally undiscouraged: it has more lives than the proverbial nine-lived cat. At dawn, some fine old paper passes; at sunset another is born.

In December the old and honorable *Presbyterian Banner* died; in January, Presbyterian *Pageant* was born. Pageant is a picture-paper, a chronicle of the march of faith in photographs. It is as up-to-the-minute and as attractive as *Life;* it fills a great need.

Youthful contemporary of *Pageant* is the new organ of the Oxford Movement, *The Rising Tide.* This, too, is a photographer's paradise. And it is a trial balloon of the Movement. The first issue may be the first . . . and the last: interest and demand among the Groupers will tell the editors whether to put out a second *Tide* or let it ebb away as just another editor's idea. It is, we'd guess, a more uncertain undertaking than *Pageant,* which has two and a half million Presbyterians to count on. Loyalty in a crusade like the Oxford Movement is harder to estimate.

But both magazines should find a welcome on the doormat of the Church. More faith is taught through the eye than this world dreams of.

PREACHERS' PELLETS

The way people are disposed toward pledge cards and church offerings will determine the destiny of the church in America—Dr. Herman C. Weber.

The church cannot be content to do ambulance work for the crashes our civilization causes. It must ask why there has been a crash.—Rev. Cyril Hudson.

Our Lord suffers much more at the hands of His lukewarm friends than from mobs that burn churches.—Rev. E. L. Souder.

When in the face of war, the young churches of China and Japan can plan for a world missionary conference in 1938, there is on the way a sane fraternity that will antiquate war.—Rev. Frank Curtis Williams.

I have no hesitancy in declaring that the patronage of money is the greatest curse of the Christian Church—Dr. William Ward Ayer.

Home and Foreign Missions are alternate beats of the same heart.—E. Stanley Jones.

If we removed the Church, no man's wife or daughter could walk down the street unmolested and property would not be worth ten cents on the dollar. —Dr. Bruce Hunter.

If I could rewrite one of the old prayers in the *Book of Common Worship*, one line in it would read, "From war, pestilence and political preachers, good Lord, deliver us."—Dr. Fred Eastman.

EDUCATION

THEY WANT RELIGION: Sarah Lawrence College, in wealthy Westchester County, is not a theological seminary or a missionary training school; it is a school for the young ladies of the socially elite. Yesterday the students at Sarah Lawrence asked for more courses in religion.

Independently, they organized a round-table to discuss religious problems. Over twenty per cent of the entire student body attended the first discussion.

Religion, say the students, is one of the chief topics of conversation in student's rooms. The subjects they are discussing are interesting: Buddhism, Reincarnation, religion and marriage, religion in the home, the Mennonites, the Quakers, the Puritans . . . and Father Divine!

SCHOOLS TO BLAME? Judge Halloran, of Des Moines, Iowa, in sentencing a seventeen-year-old youth who had plead guilty to a charge of murder, made the direct assertion that the public schools were to blame for the boy's delinquency. "He is undoubtedly the product of that modern type of teachers in public schools and colleges which fail to teach morality." School officials and teachers of the city sharply resented the attack.

SCIENCE

SOCIALIZING MEDICINE: "The health of the people is a direct concern of the government!" So say 430 prominent American physicians in a plea for "socialized medicine," in which the government will pay the bills of the poor who need a doctor . . . or a hospital. It is also the first open revolt against the hitherto unquestioned authority of the American Medical Association. So there are the usual shouts of "Socialism," "Communism" and "Politics!"

Socialized medicine is already practiced in Russia; and on a limited scale here, in Federal Veterans' hospital, state and municipal hospitals, health boards and clinics. The 430 claim this isn't enough to care for those who can't—or won't—pay.

My doctor showed me his files last week; he proved to me that forty per cent of his bills are un-collectable. That isn't fair. My doctor is boosting Socialized Medicine.

TRANSPORT: A roar, a flash of silver, a spray of sand and salt and a spectator saying in one breath, "Here he comes. There he goes!" . . . and Captain George E. T. Eyston, in his 7-ton, 24-cylinder "Thunderbolt" has made the fastest time of man in an automobile; 301.12 miles per hour, at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah. Or eight measured miles per hour better than Sir Malcom Campbell could do.

Eyston hints that he isn't through, that he will try to do even better than 301.12. While he hints, John Cobb of London has reserved September 1 to 15, 1938, for measured-miles tests in *his* car. Perhaps we haven't seen anything . . . yet.

I Greet a Guest

I stand to greet a guest: the Coming Year.
Holding aloft my candle's flickering light
Out through the darkness I can dimly see
My recent guest departing through the night,
Bearing a weight of joy and bitter woe,
Taking his way along a beaten track,
I have said farewell, I am grieved to see one go
Who never will come back.

And now a young god strides—his eyes aflame,
His head thrown back, his body lithe and strong;
He clasps my hand in his, he speaks my name,
He comes, a welcome guest to tarry long.
God grant that far-off night when he departs,
He bears no scars, no burden of regret;
God grant I may not hold within my heart
Dark things I would forget.

By Grace Noll Crowell

January 1938

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1878

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Courtesy St. Louis Globe-Democrat

FOR A FULLER AND MORE ABUNDANT LIFE

Front page cut from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, which like papers of other cities gave generous space to the Preaching Mission

Stirring the Heart of GREAT CITIES

By Janet Mabie

ONE of the members of the National Preaching Mission went to speak to the morning assembly of a local high school. (Parenthetically, out of all the cities visited by the Mission, only two have failed to invite members of the Mission to come and speak to the students.)

In the evening this man spoke at the mass meeting in a great auditorium.

During the scripture reading and prayer, he noticed two girls sitting together in the front row. He recognized them. They had sat together in the center of the third row at the high school assembly in the morning. Now he had an indefinable sense of some shadow hanging over them.

"The Church's one foundation, ..." the great congregation sang. An usher handed the Missioner a note.

It was on a sheet torn from a school notebook, the words scribbled, with something more than mere haste. Something like hysteria. Or dreadful mental travail.

"We are two high school girls," it said. "We heard you at the high school this morning. Neither of us can see any meaning to life. We are contemplating suicide. If you know anything to say to help us, please, oh please, say it tonight. . . ."

That was all there was to the note, handed over his shoulder to the Missioner by an usher who wore a crisp white carnation in his buttonhole.

Think of it! Two girls—really only children, for the girls in high school these days are so young—sitting there, in the front row at the mass meeting of the Preaching Mission, planning to go out from the meeting and take their own lives if they couldn't hear something that would make it bearable to go on living!

"Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult . . ." the great organ boomed forth, and the congregation rose to sing the hymn before the sermon. The Missioner stood with the rest. Somewhere in the building a sexton was turning the switches that dimmed the lights around the auditorium, so that only the platform would remain brightly lighted. It was the light from above the platform that picked out the faces of the two girls in the front row, taut and white. The Missioner smiled down at them gently, though his lips trembled. Gone was the great congregation from his sight, his consciousness, and only the two girls were there, looking desperately for God, and the meaning of life.

"Oh God help me," the Missioner prayed.

". . . to thine obedience,

"Serve and love Thee best of all," the people sang, and the great, velvety voice of the organ died away to nothing as the audience seated itself.

The Missioner stepped forward to the pulpit. One sermon he had been prepared to preach. But he preached another. A much simpler one. Perhaps too simple, really, to be called a sermon at all. It began this way.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not

want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

"Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, forever."

THE Missioner paused. The great congregation was utterly silent. In the front row the two girls sat, their white, strained faces upturned, tense, waiting, waiting. . . .

"My friends," the Missioner said at length, gently, "I have a very simple message to give, tonight. The message of the love which passeth all understanding. . . ."

And after a time he finished. The organist began to play softly. "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom. . . ." And as the notes stole out through the great room, the Missioner prayed, "Oh God of peace, who hast taught us that in returning and rest we shall be saved, in quietness and in confidence shall be our strength; By the might of Thy Spirit lift us, we pray Thee, to Thy presence, where we may be still and know that Thou art God. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

It must have been as he pronounced the benediction that the two girls slipped out through a side door.

The next day the Preaching Mission moved on to the next city. But two days later the Missioner received a letter.

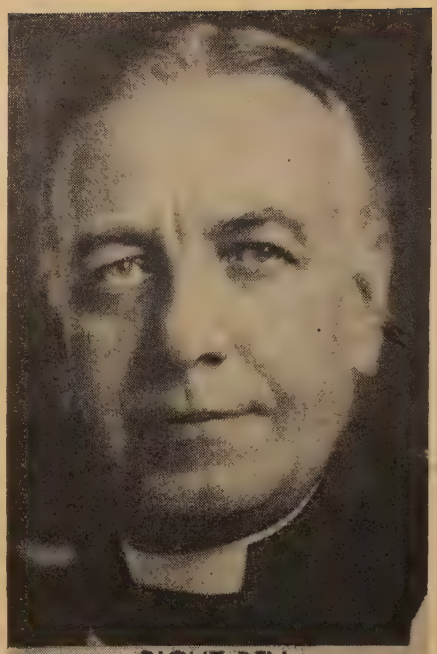
"I wrote you a note, for myself and my friend, the other night. I want you to know that you showed me a meaning to life which is Christ. I am sorry to tell you that my friend couldn't find her way, along with me, and I am going to her funeral tomorrow. Please pray for us both. . . ."

At *Christian Herald* they asked me to go to Richmond, to see the National Preaching Mission in its characteristic day-to-day round, and to come back and try to tell you what impressed me.

This incident I have told you impressed me. Although I can say nothing which will add to its poignancy, if the Preaching Mission as an evangelistic venture is still on trial with any thinking person, I cannot imagine that this incident will not answer all their questions.

LET me tell you another incident, from the Mission's stay in another city. It is an aspect of the times in which we live, that we want to know how things work, whether they work. First and last many people have wondered whether the Preaching Missions really work.

One morning in a Midwestern city, at the seminar for preachers, a minister who is outstanding in his community, stood up and said: "I want to say here that the Mission has made a new preacher out of me. I was slipping in my own devotional life. I knew I was, and somehow I couldn't find the way back. I had come to putting secondary things in first places. The Preaching Mission has clarified my thought and my task, and I am grateful."



RIGHT REV. JAMES E. FREEMAN

DR. FRANCIS C. M. WEI

In another city, a larger city, a minister asked for the floor near the close of one of the seminars. He was a man of prestige and influence in the community, a man to whom laymen and clergy alike looked for leadership. And on his face as he stood up before his associates and the members of his community there was an expression of the greatest humility, and his voice shook a little.

"I want this group to hear my resolve," he said, slowly, "that from this time forth I will spend one hour every morning in Bible reading and meditation, in prayer, and the practice of the Presence of Christ. I haven't been giving time this way as I should. But I resolve publicly, here and now to do as Jonathan Edwards did when he said, 'I make it my first business to look after the salvation of my own soul for, unless I *have*, I cannot *give*'."

Just one more instance of the influence of the Mission before I pass to broader observations.

To Muriel Lester's meeting in one city there came a woman of social consequence in the community. She belonged to the conservative element which always had supported the Church and always would, in the way that people make the accustomed gestures. And she listened to Miss Lester say, among other things, "Our Lord made it very clear that anyone who would follow Him would have to take up His cross every day. For a Christian it is never necessary to do anything one knows to be evil. If worse comes to the worst one can usually die instead. We are conditioned to face the Cross. It is part of the Christian's job. If the women of the churches in every country of the world would rethink their inheritance, both social, national and religious, and boldly proclaim their convictions and act on them, the world would be saved from the cataclysm that threatens it."

BISHOP RALPH CUSHMAN

And after Miss Lester's meeting the woman who had been taking her Church connection more and more for granted as the years rolled on, said to one of the members of the Preaching Mission: "I have been made to see here today that I've been wasting my life. I've got entirely away from the meaning of church life. Why, I'm hardly a nominal Christian any longer. But all this has made me, as Miss Lester said, 'rethink my inheritance, social, national and religious,' and I am going to give one day every week henceforth to Christ. That is, one day a week beside Sunday. I am sure the staff at my church will find things that need to be done, which I can do."

I think that going to one of the eight o'clock breakfasts at which all the members of the Preaching Mission, together with members of the local committee, be-

gin each day, is one of the best ways possible to get a sense of the spirit and method of the National Preaching Mission.

It is all very simple, but I found it very impressive. There is a certain informality about it, yet I felt the underlying seriousness of the meeting. Dr. Jesse M. Bader, director of the National Preaching Mission, presided at the breakfasts. No one on the staff seemed to mind getting up to be present. Dr. Truett, Bishop Freeman, Dr. Keller, from Switzerland, Dr. Wei, who is president of Hua Ching College at Wuchang, China, Dr. Buttrick, Bishop Cushman of Denver, all the others were there, together with local secretaries and workers, and representatives of the broadcasting interests. Each was asked to say what he had done yesterday; each was reminded of his schedule for the immediate day. I thought the brief statement made by the special representative of one radio station which carried so many broadcasts of the scheduled meetings at Richmond was particularly impressive. We are accustomed to thinking that radio has become completely commercialized in this country, and that broadcast officials regard people, and especially religious groups, wanting free time rather as kin to "the poor, which we have always with us." On the contrary, the National Preaching Mission has found a surprising eagerness on the part of radio officials to get as many of the programs as possible on the air. "We have ways of testing community response which are exceedingly accurate," this particular radio official said that morning at breakfast, "and we have done the National Preaching Mission no favor; rather we have counted ourselves privileged to be able to broadcast programs which our study has convinced us the community earnestly and actively desired. We feel that the Preaching Mission commands the means of turning the thought of the day into the only channels which hold my hope for the future, the channels of spiritual revival, of true Christianity, and I speak for my associates in radio when I say that we thank God the National Preaching Mission came to Richmond."

REV. ADOLF KELLER

I talked one afternoon with Dr. Bader about the progress of the Mission. It will be remembered that this is the second one, and I should imagine it will be a yearly event for some time to come.

"I think one of the most extraordinary things about the growth and development of the Preaching Mission," Dr. Bader said, "is the complete way in which the various communions have got to know each other, and have been able to express harmoniously that knowledge and understanding. All of the Missioners feel that the Mission is so completely worth while that an interdenominational framework has become, not only the ideal, but the practical and inevitable means of promoting the common Christian cooperation we are after. As you know, many denominations are represented in the Mission, yet I know of my own knowledge that the Missioners have gone for weeks at a time and not bothered even so much as to inquire to which communion their brothers belong. The whole thing seems to me to have the true ecumenical spirit, in that all of us belong to The Church of which Christ is the head, and not merely to churches."

Something I myself had been thinking; namely that, sick as the world is, in this time of class, and group and national hostility, there is really nothing the matter with the world that the true practice of Christianity by individuals everywhere cannot heal—seemed to me all the more true as Dr. Bader went on to say, "The basic purpose of the National Preaching Mission was and is to strengthen the foundations of Christian faith in America. There is no longer any originality in expressing the thought that America needs a spiritual awakening more than she needs anything else, or that no building, physical or spiritual, national or international, can be stronger than the foundations on which that essential building rests.

"In adopting the idea which was originally put forth for a national preaching mission by Dr. Hugh T. Kerr of Shadyside Presbyterian church in Pittsburgh, we simply developed a plan to bring a fresh evangelism into the center and life of the church. It had long since become abundantly evident that the Church and the world in general has need of great numbers of changed individuals, and of course we all know that the gospel of Jesus Christ can make changed individuals—if it gets the chance.

"While none of us subscribed to the disillusioned view that the Church is on its last legs, we did see that many among the clergy needed, and were seeking, a new conviction of their own tasks, and their meaning and worth. We felt that such a mission had a new lease on life to give such men as had become discouraged. It was never the thought behind the Mission to criticize either the Church or its ministry. While it is not perfect, the Church is beyond all doubt the best spiritual organism man has. But we believed such a Mission could give fresh meaning and interpretation to the great fundamental objectives of the Church.

"All of us understand that the day is past when the Church can remain aloof from the day-to-day life of the people, and be of real and vital service. There never was a day in which there was greater need of the emphasis on both a personal and a social gospel. We have one gospel for we have one Christ. Therefore this one gospel has its personal application, and it has also perfectly tremendous social implications, for surely it is abundantly evident that both the individual, and the whole social order need the redemptive power which can come only through Jesus Christ.

"I think what I have said about the harmonious working together of men from so many denominations, within the Preaching Mission seems to me emblematic of one of the foremost objectives of the Mission—namely the seeking, in each community, to help all the churches achieve a closer and finer Christian fellowship and cooperation. In all the complexity of the world today, every community has a distinct need to see its churches standing together, for the churches have so much in common. And in the evolution of the Mission one of the most striking results has been its illustration of the premise, that the only way to evangelize today is to evangelize unitedly. Allowing, of course, for the greatest freedom possible, in that each group is free to work in its own way, yet moving toward a common goal in *(Continued on page 49)*

"We have ways of testing community response which are exceedingly accurate, and we have done the National Preaching Mission no favor" (by broadcasting the sermons). "Rather we have counted ourselves privileged to be able to broadcast programs which our study has convinced us the community earnestly and actively desired. We feel that the Preaching Mission commands the means of turning the thought of the day into the only channels which hold any hope for the future, the channels of spiritual revival, of true Christianity. And I speak for my associates in radio when I say that we thank God that the National Preaching Mission came to Richmond."

FROM A STATEMENT BY THE MANAGER OF STATION WRVA, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AT ONE OF THE EIGHT O'CLOCK BREAKFASTS

A Great And How It

She had a way of touching my face with her hand that told of her satisfaction and fondness

By IRVING BACHELLER

WHEN I was a small boy, Sunday was a day of sadness. I had to keep quiet and be a good boy. It was a rather difficult undertaking. If I failed in it I was in danger of being captured and carried off by the Sunday Man. No child had ever seen him, but I did some worrying about this bugaboo man.

If it were summertime there would be much snoring in the house, for it was a day of rest and I had no need of rest. Even the chickens seemed to step softly. Only the old cock had the courage to defy the Sunday Man. In the afternoon the older boys would go off for cherries or berries, but they would not have me with them. I would follow but they would run and hide and get away from me.

I had seen only about half an acre of the world and I had some curiosity as to the mysteries beyond the walls and fences. One Sunday I tried to follow them but had to give up. Broken-hearted and weary I came back and lay down in the tall grass near the cheese house and went to sleep and for a time was a lost child. While my mother and sisters and the maid were calling and searching in a panic, I dimly remember dreaming that I was on the back of the Sunday Man and that he was going to show me where the echoes lived, on the top of the wooded ledge in front of our house. The dream would have been quite forgotten save for the fact that I told my mother about it. Often I had heard the echoes when the older children stood shouting at the day's end. In that singular fashion I had converted the Sunday Man into a friend and was no longer afraid of him.

I recall that my mother agreed that the Sunday Man would never harm anyone.

As a child I liked the whistling of the winter wind in the chimney and around the gables. I liked the hiss of the driven snow. In the summer I even enjoyed a noisy thunderstorm, for it afforded an exciting contrast to the stillness of the scene. We had a merry lot of birds in the maple trees. I loved their singing, and my mother used to say that they sang because they loved children. It seemed to be a compliment to me.

The birds were no happier than I was. I used to sit in my small rocking chair and sing. I knew the words of no song, so I invented a string of rhythmic, meaningless words, which I remember to this day. They served to carry a rapid hustle of notes which I had learned by listening to the country fiddler who came to us for a day or two now and then. With what a riot of merry music he filled the house! I thought that I was some person myself, but he humbled me. I knew that Dr. Goss, with the interesting odor of drugs in his clothing, was a great man but even he had fallen.

I amused myself by drawing cats and dogs on a slate from models that my mother had made. I would show them to her and she would make some remark like this:

"That cat is bob-tailed and angry. She must have had a fight with a dog and I guess he bit off her tail."

She would rub out my drawing and I would try again.

I got a great love for my mother. If she were ill I was deeply grieved. She was mainly very gentle with me, but I was no angel of the household, and now and then I felt the impact of the slipper. It always ended in a soothing talk. I cannot remember that I ever heard a scolding word in the house.

My father was a jolly man and quite an athlete. He would hold a broom stick in front of him and jump over it between his hands, backward and forward, for my amusement. I knew then that he was the greatest of all men. He was also gentle with me but when it was necessary he could be severe.

My father was Superintendent of the Poor, and interesting characters began to come to our house, and when I was ten years old I wrote of the peculiarities of some of them to the great amusement of my father. My mother would say with a smile that it was very good. She gently and wisely discussed with me every misstep and problem of my boyhood. She got books and magazines for me to read and paid me to commit passages to memory. I began to get a fondness for good reading and a sense of the power of words.

There were great men in the village of Canton those days. Ebenezer Fisher was one of them. I went to hear his lecture on Tyndall. The great stature, voice and personality of the man thrilled me. No doubt it was the mysterious power of his personality that sent me to his home one day. I wanted to see him again and to feel his hand. As an excuse for the call I had some question to ask. I do not remember what it was. I found him just a kindly old gentleman. I know now that such a man is a very different human being when he is on his feet before a crowd and the great lamp of his soul is lighted.

Our minister, Dr. Isaac M. Atwood, was a great man. He had a powerful, well-trained voice, capable of exquisite notes and an imagination. His sermons were like a noble bit of music. That kind of thing appeals to the young. I never missed

Friendship—

egan and Developed

ance to hear him and even now I him as one of the greatest of Amer- pulpiteers.

here were other great men in the little , especially A. G. Gaines, to whom oung were incalculably indebted. would not give the impression that I ht only inspiration in the days of my h. There were bad boys who told me ew things. I wanted to know about . I sowed some wild oats. But al- I had to settle with my mother. d become a fairly successful liar but mother was an expert detective. I d not long deceive her. Undiscovered ts in a boy's breast are like rats in use. They breed. Somehow she knew bout my misbehavior and her talk d floor me. I had to keep right with because—well, because of my deep for her. A tear in her eye was worse a lash on my back. With me folly 't pay. I took to another type of dis- ion.

he day I heard a young man repeat ines:

ere I hard favoured, foul or wrinkled old,
nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice
erworn, despised rheumatic and cold ick sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice
hen mightst thou pause for then I were not for thee
ut having no defects why dost thou abhor me?

he lines amused me and I asked who e them.

hakespeare," he answered.

he next day I went to Jewett's book and bought for seventy-five cents Complete Works of William Shake- re in one volume of execrably fine . In the next year I read nearly all plays and committed many of the passages. Here were adventures thrilling than any I had known. My her shared them with me.

akespeare's arrival in my poor intel- was, for me, a rather important event. ut that time a wonderful friendship n between me and my mother. ndship is perhaps a curious relation ist between mother and son, but that e fitting word.

hen I was in my third year in college little flock had scattered. Some had to the long home. My oldest sister teaching in Minnesota. My father met with reverses and was rarely with My mother and I lived alone to- r in the house in town. We were . We had enough to eat and decent ing, but I rarely had even a quarter dollar in my pocket. On Saturdays I could earn a dollar posting the books of some business man. In summer I hoed the garden.

I had become a recognized force in college. There were things that I could do, certainly as well as any other student, but it was a small college and so the credit I claim is not large. Still I had the respect of the faculty and of an able lot of boys and girls. It was accomplished by hard work.

My mother knew all about my successes but said nothing. She never praised me, but she had a way of touching my face with her hand now and then that told me of her satisfaction and her fondness.

It was a noble friendship that I enjoyed with this wise and gentle woman, who was my mother—a descendant of John Alden and his wife Priscilla. That fact helps to explain the word friendship. She had the restrained spirit of the older race. Gushing emotionalism was not for those people. Yet they had a depth of feeling proved by the sternest acts of sacrifice. This is also true. They were quite as reserved in expressing aversion or contempt. It was apt to be veiled. Their talent for understatement has created a school of humor.

She got books for me to read, and paid me to commit passages to memory

I remember she once said of a foolish neighbor: "He's about as far from being wise as any man I know." That for her was a severe verdict.

I love to think of those days when she and I were alone together. What hours of deep emotion and inspiration passed, as we read aloud to each other the magic words of some great master! In the morning I was awakened by her singing as she began the work of the day. Generally the song was "Tell Me the Old, Old Story." The sound of her voice gladdened me. I would arise and take a sponge bath at the basin. Before I was quite dressed she would come in with a cheery greeting and say that breakfast was ready.

The memory of that time is so dear to me that I have no words fit to tell of it. Yet here a curious fact. The deep still water of our life had a smooth surface. Our affection was a subtle, covered thing. We did not try to put it into words, and kissing was a gesture quite unnecessary. I do not remember that she ever kissed me. Trollope would have asked that matter so intimate be published after his death, but such affectation is to me more offensive than the truth.

My senior year came along. Months ahead I began to prepare for my oration. My theme was to be The Attic Drama, of which I had gained some knowledge from Bohn's Classical Library. I read thoughtfully the vivid translations of some of the tragedies of Euripides, Aeschylus and Sophocles. I studied the lectures of Von Schlegel and other distinguished authorities. In three months I knew my theme well enough to begin writing.

The day of my final test had come. It was a lovely June day. The big hall was crowded. When I came to the platform, I saw my mother and father sitting about half way up the slant. For their sake I must do my best and I did. When I left the stage I knew that I had made my point.

As I was going out, many people shook my hand. Among them were my mother and father. They said little but I could feel the thing beyond their words.

On the street I met one of our old hired men. "Ye done grand," he said. "There wa'n't no darn fool like me could tell what ye was talkin' about."

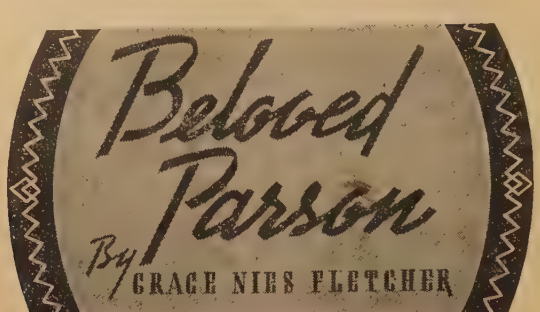
In July 1900 Eben Holden came out and the sales were soon very large. By Christmas time the sales had reached three hundred thousand and the book has been selling ever since.

Proudly I took the book to my mother. For two days she sat reading it. Often I saw her laughing quietly. Then she put her hand gently on my brow and said it was very good. She was still afraid of spoiling me.

Now a word as to the lesson of all this reminiscence.

I was prepared to believe Bishop Anderson who once said to me: "I came into boyhood with the ineffable child love for my mother and father. It came no doubt from their patience, their gentle hands and voices. It is one of the biggest things in human life. Its bigness lies in the fact that it helps to fashion one's love for his wife and his regard for all men. I pity the child who never gets it and I wonder how one can get it with a hired mother."

CONVERSATIONS IN HEAVEN



Having followed The Beloved Parson through some of those incidents of his youth which brought him his title, we find him, in this concluding instalment, still beloved in his declining years

"PRAYER," said the Beloved Parson, "is a lot like being in love. When you're part of it, you know all about it. And when you're not . . . . nobody can make you believe what they know! The words don't matter so much; it's what prayer *is,* and does, that counts."

The warm sun, filtering down through the white branches, touched his silver hair with gentle fingers. A wondering wind shook the fragrant fairy blossoms till they whispered above our heads.

"Anything as beautiful as that apple tree is a prayer!"

When he smiled like that, you could see why they called him "Beloved Parson." You could see why little children on the street ran to him, shouting proudly, "That's *my* minister!" Once when he was preaching, a baby who loved him toddled up into the pulpit and began pulling at his hand for attention. He looked down, smiled at the baby, and gathered it up in his strong arms. "I think," he said, "heaven must be a little like this!" And he finished his sermon with the baby's arm around his neck. I doubt if the people heard a word more he said . . . *but they heard what he did.*

It was the same way with praying. He knew about it, not so much from talking, as from doing. He knew a lot about heaven, he'd been near it so many times, the last forty years. Praying with people. All sorts of people. Tired people. Sick people. Sin-weary people who desperately wanted God . . . and found Him. Dying people who had looked over the wall into tomorrow and told the Beloved Parson a hint of what it was like. He'd not only heard prayer; he'd seen it in action.

So when he sat under the apple tree and said, "It's what prayer does, that counts," *he knew.*

"People have a lot of silly theories about prayer," he said. "They hand 'em out like patent medicine. But if anyone ever tells you that prayer is nothing but you talking to yourself and getting emotional relief, you can tell him for me he's a li. . . ." He caught himself, and his eyes twinkled. "You can tell him this story," he said.

I call this "Jimmy's Mother's Prayer!" There seems to be something rather special about mothers' prayers. They don't slip off people; they sort of cling.

I was closing service one Sunday night in Texas, when a great big six foot ranger got up. Those Texas Rangers weren't afraid of anything. They'd stood up to bullets like hail stones and to yelling Indians. But this one was shaking so he had to hold onto the pew in front of him. He said, out loud so that everyone could hear him,

"Minister! Don't close this meetin' yet. I—I want to find God!"

I saw right off something was moving in that church, so I urged them all to get down on their knees, and then I asked if anyone else wanted prayers. And six more men stood up! It wasn't a revival meeting. You could have knocked me over with a leaf. But I prayed, and these men prayed: the whole meeting rose up in one vast prayer. And before we were through that big six footer's face was shining like a sun burst.

I went up to him afterwards and said, "Friend, what was it in my sermon that made you want God?"

He stared at me. "I didn't hear a word you said!" He must have seen how bewildered my face was, for he sat down in a pew and motioned me to sit beside him. "I guess I'd better tell you how it was," he said.

When he was five years old the woman who had taken care of him told him she wasn't his mother. She thought he was old enough to know that his father had deserted his mother just before he was born. Maybe the disgrace was why his mother died two or three days after Jimmy was born, this woman told him.

"But she had me bring you in before she died," the woman said. She seemed to be looking a long ways off. "She put her two hands on your little head, and she said, 'God take care of him. O God, bless my poor little boy, Jimmy!' And she was gone."

The story was a great shock to the little boy, Jimmy. He began to brood over the fact that his father hadn't wanted him. He felt terribly alone and that all the world was against him. He grew sull and unmanageable. They called him bully, and I guess he was. Anyway wh he was about fourteen, he had a bad fig with another boy. When he picked up slate and hit the other boy over the he with it, the binding came off—and t other boy dropped down, dying. Jimr was so scared he didn't dare go home f fear the police would get him. He slu away to Galveston and got a job as cab boy on a boat.

It was a tough life on board ship. was scared all the time," confessed Jimm He was scared to go ashore at any po for fear the police would be looking f him. But the storms at sea scared h worse; for he was a land boy, brought on the rolling plains of Texas. He nev got used to the sea. But when the sh got groaning and the waves were goir "Crack!" against the side of the bo Jimmy would bury his head in his pillo And he'd seem to hear words ringi somewhere down inside his head.

"God bless my poor little boy, Jimmy And he'd know they'd make land.

Ten years later he did go ashore o night at Galveston . . . and he saw t name of the boy he thought he had kill in electric lights, up over a store!

He went in, and told his story. T man was powerful politically, and he g Jimmy appointed as Texas ranger. was a dangerous and exciting life, in tho days, what with cattle thieves and she killers that hated the law, not to menti the Comanches and the Apaches who we still scalping people and fighting dogged for their hunting grounds.

"But no bullet was fast enough to me!" said the ranger. He wasn't boa ing. It was just a fact. "I'd hear tho bullets singing a song. It was this: 'G take care of him—my poor little bo Jimmy!'

"Tonight when I came by this chur I heard you singing something about G taking care of you. And suddenly it ca over me . . . that was *me* you were singi about!" He paused and his face glow "So I came in to meet my mother's God

His mother's prayer had followed h around the world.

There was a faraway look in the l loved Parson's eyes, as his voice di away. He didn't offer any explanatio He didn't say everything could be

ned by psychology; that this all might e been coincidence. Yet he knew all ut those things. But he was one of se people that believe that even psy-logy can be an instrument of God; t all the new things science is daily ning up are not opposed to simple faith God, but just the uncovering of new les of our knowledge of God.

But just now he was leaning forward in-tly, as if he were listening. Listening the echoes of old prayers. You could ost see their wings fluttering about n. Little feeble piping prayers. Big nd prayers, like organ music; like a usand violins swelling into one great hem, "Holy, Holy, Holy!"

Lots of people," said the Beloved Par-, dreamily, "*live* their prayers. They 'n't even have to say anything. I re-mber. . . ."

'The Two Old Maids in Salem," is the ne of this story, he said. It's short, it's curious.

One night I was working late in my dy in a town in Massachusetts. There s a grand window in that study. It s a picture of Christ lifting a little lamb er a stile. The lamb was, O so weary, l you could feel how gentle the Master was. When my light streamed out, the window must have been startling on the black night.

There was a knock on my door and when I went to answer it, a man in a tall silk hat was standing there looking at me. "May I come in?" he asked. His voice was rich and deep and I knew at once he was accustomed to some sort of public speaking. He sat down.

"I . . . I saw your window," he said slowly. He hesitated, and all at once his voice choked. "I . . . I thought maybe you could help me over my stile too!"

I said, "Jesus can help you. Let's talk to him about it."

He got down on his knees with me . . . and then suddenly he got up and went over and opened the door of my study stove. He threw in a plug of tobacco and a quart bottle of whisky banged into the wood bin. Then he came back and got down on his knees again. "That's a wise man," I thought.

When we got up from praying, he told me he was the man who was supposed to speak in the town hall the next night against Christianity! He was an atheist. His big publicity stunt was to pull out his watch and say, "I dare God to strike me dead! I give him two minutes!" And, of course, God didn't do it.

He made a lot of money, he told me, and he swelled around spending it as fast as he got it. But one night in Salem, he took sick. The hospitals were full and it looked as if he'd have to stay out in the corridor of one, until two spinster ladies said that he could have their spare room, and they'd look after him. They did. He was very sick, and one of them sat with him days and the other one nights. Every morning and evening he'd hear the murmur of words in the sisters' bedroom, and he'd know they were praying. He couldn't make out the words, but he suspected they were praying for him. But neither one of these women mentioned this to him. They just took care of him.

"Like angels," he said. There were tears in his eyes.

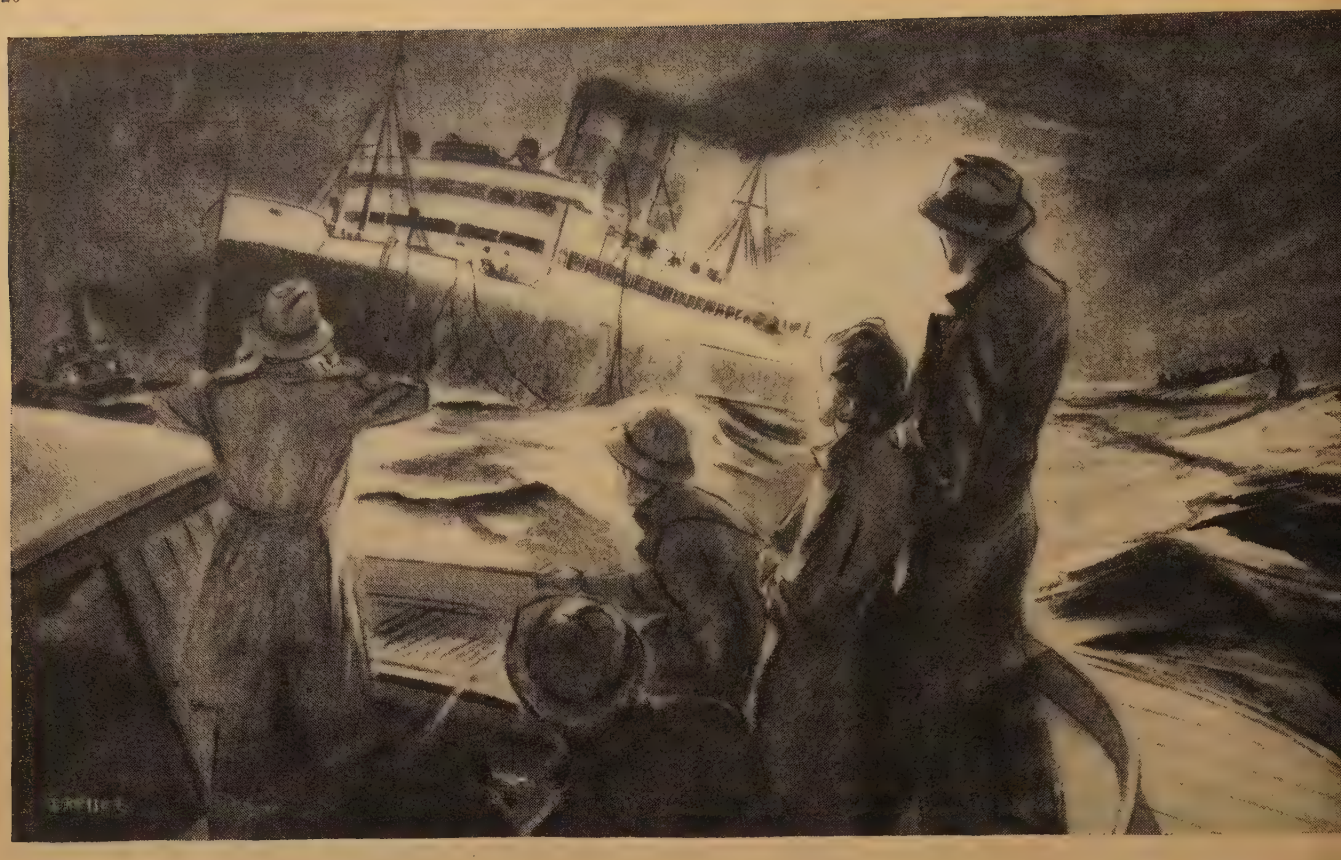
When he went to leave, he asked, "How much do I owe you? I haven't got much now," he was embarrassed. "But as soon as I get to lecturing again, I can give you anything you want," he blustered.

The two ladies stood and looked up at him.

"You don't owe us anything," said one.

(Continued on page 47)

. . . . . The
rm sun, filtering down through
e white branches, touched his silver
ir with gentle fingers, and the
ossoms whispered above our heads



They were reaching the ring of ships that stood b
Now and then a wave nearly tossed them out of the sea, on
to throw them back with a shuddering breakage of the wat

White Horses

By Helen Welshimer

Illustrator LAWRENCE DRESSER

What has happened

JULIE BRANT and Terry Maxwell, reporters, both work on the *Star*, a daily newspaper. Terry turns in the biggest story of the year, but to his amazement is sent to the religious news desk, as a punishment, he thinks, for being too independent. He takes the new job seriously, however, and is determined to prove that religion and the churches are a source of real news. He quickly gets the elements of a great story—a skyscraper church is to be built, and from the beginning Terry suspects the people who are promoting it. He makes the acquaintance of Natalie Worthington, daughter of a very wealthy man who poses as a great philanthropist. Natalie asks for, and gets, a job on the *Star*, in order, as Julie suspects, to be near Terry. She monopolizes Terry, and Julie thinks he is infatuated with the wealthy girl. One day, while Julie and a friend are strolling along the street, they see Natalie's car run over and kill a small boy, son of a working man. (Now go on with the story.)

[PART TWO]

THAT lunch box would make a good human interest story, Julie had decided quickly. The boss had said the paper needed more tear-jerkers. Nice way to talk about people's woes. She mustn't let herself go sentimental on the job!

The luxurious car waited in front of the tenement. Julie and Martha hurried up the rickety, broken steps. "Thank fortune, Basil Worthington's back. He's going to help the city clean up these places," Martha said. "That is, your story said he was. Sure he means it, Julie?"

"He has to. He promised the housing board. Anyway, the tenements didn't kill Sofron." They were at the door, and it was open. A girl with an aura of gold-spun hair around her face was standing there, her pocketbook open, her hand filled with bills.

"Natalie!" Julie cried.

"Oh, Julie, Julie!" She began to cry and clung to the two girls. "I couldn't help it. I told James to drive a little faster because I was late, and this little boy dashed out of the shadows and now they're blaming me—but it isn't fair! Why did he run in front of the car?"

"Did he run in front of the car?" Julie asked a man who looked like a minister.

He nodded. "It was the child's fault. All the spectators agree on that. The car was going about twenty-five miles. But the girl's hysterical."

Julie and Martha helped Natalie back into the car, and tried to comfort her. "Why should they carry on so?" she asked impatiently. "They have eight other children. Eight! And only three rooms. Why, why they won't even miss him!"

"We'll take you home, then I'm going to the office," Julie said.

"But you won't put this in the paper?" Natalie cried wildly. "Terry won't you. . . ."

"No, it won't be in the paper." T reporter's lips curled a little. Not Ba Worthington's daughter's accident! Ju wasn't as tall as Natalie. She was sma er, and only a year or two older. H suddenly she seemed to grow inches as s sat on the cushioned seat. She heard h voice talking, and couldn't stop it. stead she seemed to be listening to "Natalie, no one blames you for the cident. You couldn't help it. And y were generous with money. But they condemn you for your attitude! Say that one more child doesn't matter, t your father can get you off—oh, Nata Worthington, get out of the fog and liv

"I know what's the matter with yo Natalie flung back, every word cruel a hard and sharp. "You're in love w Terry. And he can't see you! Patie Milton told me about it!"

Patience Milton was the club edi a woman in her early thirties. She ne talked about people and things—ne talked. But had she? Had every noticed that she liked Terry?"

Vell, it wouldn't be noticed again. t this straight, Natalie Worthington," was saying. "Terry is nothing but a nd of mine. It's open hunting any day him. I'm not even trying. And this erfectly idiotic. I haven't been so n for years—and I'm sorry!"

Sorry?" The laughter was mocking. rry! I think I'll let you out at the e now! And I'll go in, too."

hey did not talk as they went up the ator. Martha, angry flags of color g in both cheeks, made a grimace nd Natalie's back.

ight lights burned in the editorial n. Most of the desks were empty. A night men, working under green eye-les, looked up idly. Back in the cor- before the door that led to the lino- room, Terry was scowling over copy. Oh boy, does religion pay!" he looked to say. "This church has the right . It's putting its business on a work- basis. It isn't going to be contented the collection in the baskets—it will e a percentage of all rents. . . . What's pened?" he broke off, when only si- e greeted him.

ulie answered briefly. "Natalie had an dent. Better take her home, Terry."

Natalie!" He was on his feet now. nat happened?"

he gold head went down on her arms, the sob sounded lonely and lost. "No- y understands how—how dreadful I ! They—they think I'm callous!"

Who, Julie and Martha? They're nd people. You're over- otional." But his eyes e a little accusing as went from one girl to her.

I wouldn't harm any- —anyone, Terry!" She ped again. "And not one in the tenements. y, my father is helping uild them, giving lots of ey!"

Better hurry up before he stairs break," Julie under her breath. r all, if Terry wanted e taken in by this piece Park Avenue in a mink , that was his own busi- and it didn't concern And she would not a steak for him to- row night. She would But she knew she ld.

lowever, she didn't. He e to her the next after- n. "Natalie's not feel- well—the shock and all. her father has some of story about the pro- ed tenement reform. churches are backing campaign and he's go- to give me a feature, so they've asked over for dinner. You'll understand, 't you, Julie? It's all in the line of ."

Of course it is," she answered, fingers ning over the black and white keys of ed-up alphabet.

e hesitated, and she looked up at last, knowing that her wine-brown eyes were ry with shadows, her face looked care- n and there was a smudge of type- writer ribbon on one side of her nose.

"I need some advice anyway. There's something not quite right in the church skyscraper. I can't put my finger on it. Too much secrecy. . . . I want to ask Mr. Worthington."

"What's the matter?" she asked, then, letting her glance fall to the page of copy that told about new rules for the parks for the next summer. Next summer—that was far away!

"I don't know. But that minister is a square-shooter. He's been fighting for right, sanitation, and the rest of it, for years. He deserves a break. And I've a hunch something's not straight."

"So Sir Galahad will jump on his white charger and go up the mountain—beg pardon, the sky-scraper—to find out?" she asked lightly, so she wouldn't cry. Terry could take sarcasm. But he hated tears!

"I'll be waiting for the news," Julie told him, with a sudden flashing smile. Then because his face looked tired and a little worried, she put out a swift hand. "Terry, I'm proud of you, and I'm standing by. Do this story up brown and you'll be back at your old job in no time. Now run along while I install next summer's slides in the parks."

But when he had gone, she did not begin to type immediately. She did not want to fall in love with Terry. She wouldn't! Why couldn't she feel this way about, say, Briggs Burns, who had so much money and was ready to come whenever she beckoned? He was good-looking, almost better-looking than Terry. He had asked her to dinner tonight and she had told him she was busy. She reached for the telephone. She would let him know she was free, unexpectedly.

But when she got him, there was honest dismay in his voice.

"Julie, what rotten luck all the way 'round! The Worthingtons are back from that Shanghai jaunt of theirs and throwing a dinner tonight, and I'm roped in. The firm handles their business—" Briggs was a junior lawyer in a large firm of important attorneys.

"Natalie has been writing club notes for the *Star*," Julie told him.

"Natalie? You mean it?" He laughed whole-heartedly. Then he sobered. "I think I see."

"See what, Briggs?"

"Nothing. I'll call you tomorrow, Julie."

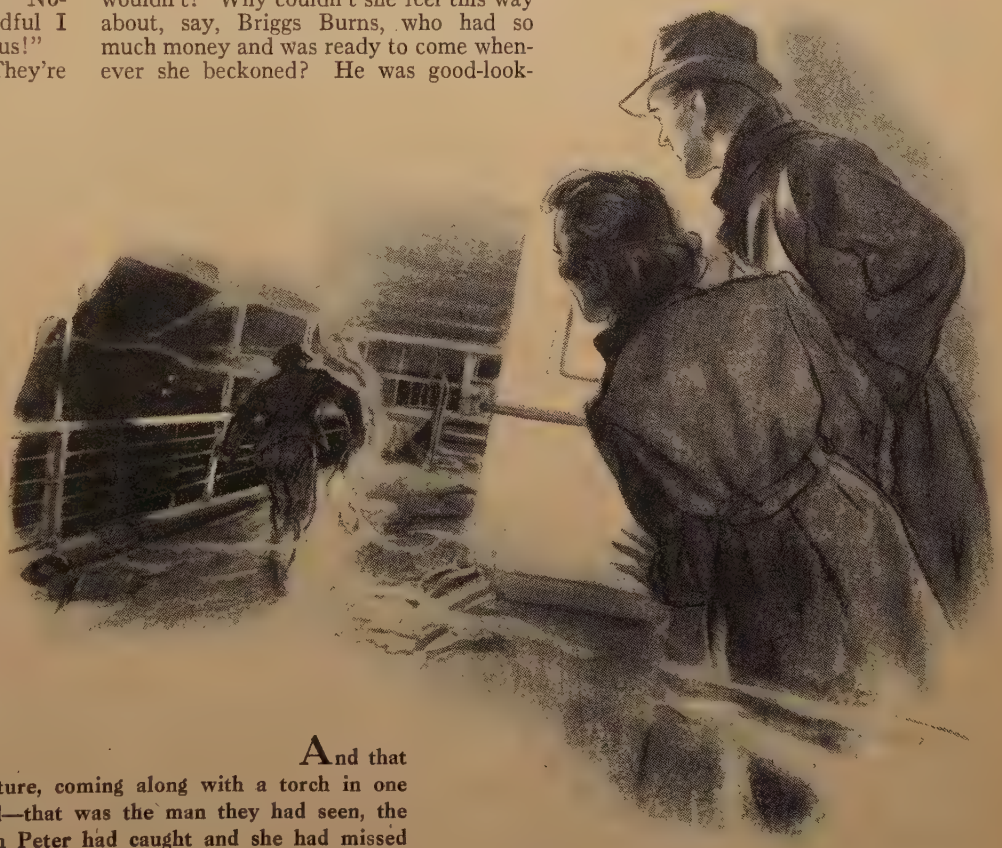
About three o'clock that morning, Julie wakened to the persistent ringing of the telephone. Sleepily she reached for it. "Hello?" Then, as she listened she became alert, ready—

It was the office of the *Star* that was calling Julie Brent at three o'clock in the morning.

"Julie, can you get going at once?" the city editor asked. "There's a boat sinking off the New Jersey coast—1,200 passengers. Get a cab and hurry to Penn station. Better dress warm. It's a wicked night. Gus will be waiting for you. He's got the instruction. He's taking pictures."

"All right!" That shaggy green polo coat would be warmest, she thought. That and the wooly green beret. And galoshes. The last time she had been out in a boat she had got her feet soaked. No time, now, to look out of the window to judge the storm. Only time to get dressed and started.

But on the street a strong wind whirled her around and water was blown against her face as she tried to find a cab. It was good, though, to be battling. To be starting on a story. This was her life. She wanted to hurry, hurry, hurry—to be



And that creature, coming along with a torch in one hand—that was the man they had seen, the torch Peter had caught and she had missed

on hand as the lifeboats came back; to be close enough to the sinking ship to sense its grim tragedy. The city editor had not said if it was going down fast or not, if the people could be saved. But the coast boats and the summoned ships would stand by. . . .

A wind blew her into the Pennsylvania Station and she ran down the steps. Gus was standing by a train, signaling wildly. The train was ready to start. He pulled her on board.

"Hungry?" he asked, when they were seated. He was a middle-aged man, bald-headed, red-faced, heavy, who had spent his life rolling out of bed, catching trains, taking pictures, sending back the film, going on to more picture-taking. A sinking ship or a presidential campaign were all in the day's work. But even his nondescript eyes caught the never-failing challenge of big news when it broke. Now he produced two ham sandwiches, made on hard rolls, and passed one to Julie. "No time for breakfast. We won't be eating until night."

THE train was coming out of the tunnel, running through the dank lowlands of New Jersey, where factory lights spotted the windy darkness.

"No others covering it?" Julie asked, mouth buried in the hard crust of the roll.

"Took cabs down, I guess. The boss discovered there was a train and we'll make better time. Some guy, that man. Smart."

It was warm on the train so she opened the green coat. The flannel sports dress under it was a bronze-brown that matched her eyes and her hair, but she had not thought of that.

"Anybody we know on the boat?"

"The boss was checking the list of passengers when I left. Say, there's Graham—"

Peter, sleepy but smiling, was coming towards them. He swung the back of a seat around, so he could sit facing them. "I thought I heard voices. I had that whole coach to myself—too lonesome. Think they can get the people off the boat in time, Gus?"

So they talked as the train hurried through the ending night. Dawn, grey and weary and stormy, was coming as the train came into the station. The cameraman from the *Express*, called from the nearby town where he lived, was waiting for them. There was a cab, just one on hand, and Julie and Peter grabbed it, gave quick directions, and set off. And Julie, vibrating now to the story, forgot Terry and the forty-story skyscraper church and Natalie who thought the family, whose small boy had died, had too many children. Life, death, combat were here, waiting where a ship swung in silhouette against the sky. Twelve hundred people. . . .

"How did it happen?" she asked the cab driver.

"Nobody knows yet. No fire, it seems. No collision. Something went wrong."

There was one boat only at the boat station. "Others laid up for repairs," the old sailor who owned them, explained. "You say you want a story? Hummmm! Won't risk this boat out in that water. No sir! Not even to rescue folks. And you want to go out to get a story!"

Julie made a bid for the boat. Peter added his amount. There was no time for paper rivalry. Both were on hand, both wanted the story. There was one boat. They would share it. Up, up, up the bids went. The old sailor gave in. "All right. Better put on these oilskins. It's your own risk, though. All of you swim? Come on. Let's get going."

Julie's beret fell into the sea and she didn't notice it. The waves washed into the boat and the water oozed under her galoshes. Now lifeboats were passing them, filled with people. They were reaching the ring of ships that stood by. Now and then a wave nearly tossed them out of the sea, only to throw them back with a shuddering breakage of the water. There was no time for fear. The cameramen were standing up, taking pictures swiftly, covering the plates with their own sweaters and oilskins. Always the story came first, Julie thought in an undercurrent so far off she was not aware of it. Always the story— They reached the boat, now half under water.

"I'm going on," Peter said. "Wait," he ordered the boatman.

"So am I," Julie answered him.

He did not argue with her. "All right. There's a rope ladder, on the far side. Can you make it?"

The last passengers were being removed. Hand in hand, Julie and Peter ran along the decks, looked into cabins, felt the slow settling of the vessel. They raced back to the rail. They could describe it now. Above, they saw airplanes, sent out for rescue and pictures and stories. One flew low. There was a camera looking down on them. Julie waved.

"Quick!" Peter's voice was sharp. His hand was a vise on Julie's wrist. "The other way."

A LONG spurt of flame had shot out, was traveling toward them. It was a confused nightmare to Julie, the rest of that half-hour. She knew that calls came from boats, that hands reached to help them, that the flames came fast. Then they were in a boat, not the one that had brought them out.

"No casualties. Everybody safe!" someone was saying.

"Go on, Julie, faint if you must. It's no disgrace," Peter was adding.

"I can't. There are interviews to be had." She laughed shakily.

"Good!" Peter spoke carefully. "Julie, what did you see before the fire started?"

"Why, nothing. A lot of cleared decks and water rising."

"No one running?"

"No, why?" She thought carefully. "Oh, yes, that man that almost bumped into us. The last one on board."

"Notice what he had in his hand?"

She shook her head. And she called herself a reporter with a scoop like this getting away right under her nose!

"A torch. He kindled the fires and forgot to get rid of it. No wonder, left alone on a sinking furnace!"

The two newspaper people stared at each other solemnly. If the ship had been fired consciously, someone had a reason for wanting it to burn; someone in authority had something to conceal.

"What can we prove?" Julie asked.

"I don't know—yet," Peter said. "This steamship company is a pretty big advertiser in all the papers—all except ou The *Express*, crusading valiantly for rig backed by little money, had been hold its own, but no more. It was known g erally around town that it needed m advertising badly. Some projects, s as cleaning up the tenements and build livable quarters, had community spons ship. Other papers went all the way, part way, in the fight for clean politi Only the *Express* seized every wrong, gardless of the names connected with and tried to right it. Some papers fou it convenient to leave such matters alo that was all.

Filing stories from the station in little town near where the catastrophe curred, interviewing ships' officers a passengers, took hours. It was late aft noon when Julie went back to the offi The rain had made her hair curlier her eyes were heavy with weariness. T green coat was draggled and the bro dress mussed. Water squashed in galoshes. At her desk, she pulled off heavy boots and stuck her oxfords in front of her. Terry sauntered up.

"Good work on the ship disaster, Jul How about some coffee and hamburg now, at the lunch wagon across street?"

"Terry, that's what's the matter w me!" she answered, her voice singing little. "I need food! I had a ham san wich at three o'clock this morning a that was the last I've eaten today!"

In a booth, at one side of the convert dining car, they talked.

"Peter may be right, or the man w lighted the fire—if he did it—may some one who went crazy from plain fe Or he might have some personal moti It takes more than that to tie up a sto with an incident." Then he smiled, slow smile that made his eyes crink "Notice how meticulous I'm getting? B Peter's got nothing to base that on!" waited until the plates of hamburgers a baked beans came. "Told the boss?"

"Of course, on the telephone. He sa what you did. We'll investigate but doesn't see much possibility. Anyway, hopes not, I guess, because that line is good advertiser and public duty wou make us wave our white plumes."

"Costs high to go crusading," Terry a swered. "Worth it, though. Only way get out a paper."

"Oh by the way, tell me about the sk scraper church," Julie interrupted. "A the plans for the rehabilitating of the ter ments. You were to get that story l night—"

OUTSIDE the rain still fell and darkne came with November swiftness. Insi Julie and Terry drank coffee out of thi white mugs, ordered thick pieces of rai pie, and forgot the benches were hard, a the yellow lights cloudy, as they talke The building project for the tenemen was getting under way rapidly. Ba Worthington, given a prominent place the committee, was having men on staff assist. The churches were worki in conjunction with the committee.

Terry warmed to his subject but wh his speech was done, he felt empty, id Beyond the world's rim there was a w where an island power battled a gre nation, asleep too long in ancestral drea

(Continued on page 44)

lectric

IM BROUGHER

lynamic minister in dynamic California, who kes his audiences laugh as well as weep

Ninth in this series of candid camera sketches

By Jeanne O. Potter

RESOLVED, that cowboys have done more to civilize America, than the preachers." More than 1500 men laughed when the speaker announced the subject of that debate in Los Angeles, and hundreds more who could not get into the hotel ballroom laughed, too, for they were lined up outside—although they didn't care, for above them was a Graham McNamee California sky.

"The cowboys have done more to civilize America than the preachers," and the same gale of laughter reverberated through the city of Los Angeles later, when the press of the city had carried that comment in their special editions. Months later they were to remember that meeting with a mixed feeling of pleasure and sorrow, for the speaker who had extended that resolution was none other than the late beloved Will Rogers, and the preacher at whom he had loosed that humorous thunderbolt was James Whitcomb Brougher, then pastor of the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles, host to the famous American humorist.

Like the name he carries, Brougher stands out in the midst of Pacific Coast turmoil with no other weapon than that of powerful simplicity. The light which illumines his way contains none of the alchemy of cults, ideas, movements, trends or spasms. It is a plain, simple gospel, profoundly earnest, convincingly presented, with an admixture of an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, supporting the main theme of his address. One might not recall one of "Jim" Brougher's 'gags' but forget his gospel—never. In that is contained much of the secret of his phenomenal success, though that word "success" means as little to the California clergyman personally, as his purpose in life means much; namely, that men might hear and be saved.

To understand James Whitcomb Brougher demands an understanding of California, for in the State of the Golden Bear, one can find almost every kind of religion which exists. For example, during the past ten years, a multiplicity of religions has swept across the state, coming with the onrush of primary enthusiasm, and dissolving with all the speed of an aspirin tablet. Naturally, Brougher and his Temple Baptist faith have been tested to the utmost, but when the shock of the spectacular religions has crashed upon the rock of his immovable faith, then Brougher steps back into the line of battle and begins his counter-attacks, truly military, truly Christian, truly Christ-like.

What does it take to fill an auditorium with 3000 people, morning, noon and night on Sunday; keep a corps of secretaries and attendants on duty during the week days, belong to a score of clubs, lodges, societies and still be called to an

Above, Dr. James Whitcomb Brougher, Sr., and Will Rogers, at the time of their famous debate, "Have Cowboys done more to civilize America than Preachers." At the right, a family of preachers; center, James Whitcomb Brougher, Sr., former pastor of the Baptist Temple at Portland, Oregon, and later of the Baptist Temple at Los Angeles, now Assistant Pastor of the Glendale, (California,) Baptist Church, attended by many of the motion picture people. Left, Rev. James Whitcomb Brougher, Jr., Pastor of the Glendale Church, and, right, Dr. Russell Morse Brougher, pastor of the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, New York

active ministry? We sought to find the answer to that in James Whitcomb Brougher, and we think we found it. That word is *personality*.

Let's go back to Vernon, Indiana, in January of 1870. Maybe you don't remember—personally, we don't—but that was the year of the Franco-Prussian War. Anyway, that was when the California dramatic pulpit speaker was born. Start your graph line right there. Name the infant after the American rural poet, James Whitcomb Riley; read a book of Riley's farm verse, add a touch of Yankee humor, a granite chin, ready smile, keen eyes, craglike features—and toss in a cupful of wheat-field philosophy. When you have done this, stir it around several times in the Crucible of Life and measure the result. You've got James Whitcomb Brougher.

Brougher's parents were Christian. Not sanctimonious, but practical, conservative, fundamental. "There never seemed a time when they didn't want me to be a preacher," declared "Jim." Three doors were open to him, and he considered them all seriously:

1. The stage. 2. Law. 3. The ministry. Just as there were three avenues upon which his career might travel, there were three questions to ask regarding them, one for each. The first analyzed his future if it were to be the stage. What, for example, would happen when his gags were no longer funny—his entertainment value nil—and no more demand for him? And with those questions the stage died. 2. Law? No, for law demanded some paralysis of conscience. Thus, it, too, died. And so—the ministry was selected.

There followed a period of training in the California Baptist College at Berkeley; graduation from the Rochester Theological Seminary; the Carson and Newman College; the Berkeley Divinity School; Linfield College and the Dennison University. The result? Degrees—plenty of them! M.A., D.D., LL.D.—which latter was later explained by Will Rogers as "Doctor of Love and Laughter." But the finest degree of all was that talent for witticisms; an understanding heart; a Christian experience—a feeling for suffering and problems of mankind. It's just too bad that there is no degree for that. Or is there?

While at the California Baptist College, Brougher had met Corinne S. Morse, the daughter of President S. B. Morse. At graduation they were married. From this marriage grew two boys and two girls. The boys elected the ministry—the girls, marriage. Brougher was ordained to the Baptist Ministry in 1894, and took his first pastorate at Paterson, New Jersey.

The same ready wit which had endeared him to his first congregation immediately laid its hand upon audiences throughout the country. Brougher, figuratively and literally, started "going places." From Paterson, he went to Chattanooga, Tennessee as pastor of the First Church; then, in 1904, to Portland, Oregon, as pastor of the famous White (Baptist) Temple. But in 1910 the azure, cloudless, unfogged, sky of California inoculated him with its germ. Brougher took the legendary bull by its figurative horns and became a Californian, and a church that had been "just a church" became a church with a personality.

Furthermore, Brougher has hidden somewhere in that rough and ready exterior, the expression of campfire smoke and the tang of pommel leather. Add that up with wit and you find the magnetic north at which stands Will Rogers. And it was thus, that they met.

The two personalities, both Gibraltar strong in faith, bump[illegible] into each other at a time when America was going through a second adolescence, and high school teachers were proclaiming that genes were stronger than personality. If they were, then Will Rogers and Jim Bro had wild applause dedicated to their g for when they met in debate Brougher took over his pastorate a Temple Baptist Church of Los An and the topic of that debate *"Resolved*, That Cowboys did mo civilize this country than the prea did."

Will argued that the "cowboys come along and opened the countr and the preachers had come along closed it up." Lines formed on the then at the Temple Baptist Church. S.R.O. was hung in the foyer twenty utes after the doors were open. Bro was "made" in California.

Being successful as a fundamental California compares rather favorably being a Semitic in Berlin. But Bro did it, and with nothing more tha sheer depth of an evangelical messa song in his heart, a prayer, a deter tion and an attack.

Naturally there have been critic Most of them were barbs thrown a Sage of Glendale for using anecdot the pulpit. Brougher never backed before this complaint, claiming th have never told a joke just as a 'gag because they supported a point I make no other way." Further Brougher doesn't believe in long-face ligion. His moral is spiritual relax rebirth, regeneration, and he mak work. For example:

Everyone knows about the Hippoc in New York, or almost everyone. It famed institution has walked com animal, animal trainer and tragedian. they rated, too, that is, until Jim Bro and Will Rogers had a joint me there, Brougher to preach a se Rogers to match wits with him, an fore the largest audience that eve sembled in the Hippodrome at that

Against the granite-jawed pre sweeps a daily avalanche of ques ranging from, "Is there a God, act to "What can be done about my m in-law?" To one and all ques Brougher has one reply, "Jesus Chri and will, solve every human probl all of humanity." And there, upon Rock of Ages, Brougher finds a pla anchor. Let the storms come and there he planted his banners, ju

it did before Richmond, just as Jesus before Golgotha; and there the visible position of God has kept it, secure. am conservative in theology, but cal in methods," observes Brougher. justifies the multiplicity of ideas h keeps his parish invigorated, eager, ng, and constantly in that deep meas- of faith which is his life.

is ministry is one of drama, pageantry, ic and message. Drama and pag- ry are secondary—message and music, ary. Recently, a large group, eighty e exact, of young people went into the fornia mountains with Jim Brougher, or, equally as hurricane-like in his ods as his gifted father. Everyone e out of the mountains a Christian. was not due to the snow-capped San reas earthquake fault, either. It was to the solid thinking of young Jim, h had been inspired by the unswerv- faith of his father.

ow for a moment, go back on that h line. We said that Brougher, Senior born in 1870. That would make him ell forget about that. It has made sympathetic, tolerant, understanding, ent, everlastingly dynamic, eternally

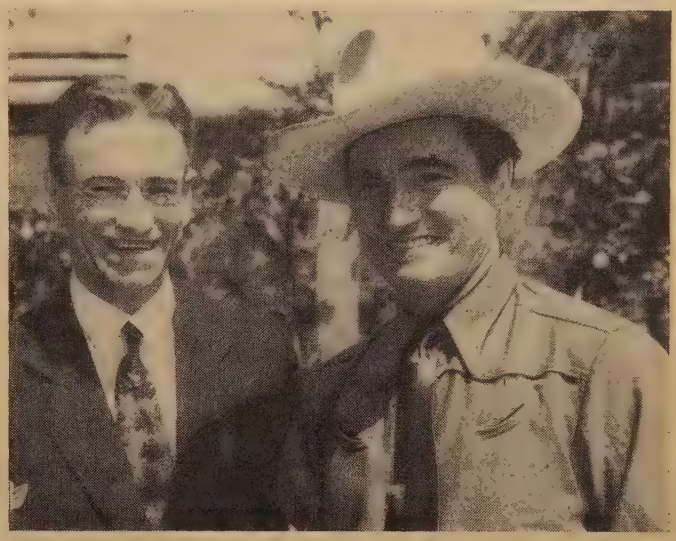
But, in the best words of Bob Ripley, believe it or not, he has become *Associate Pastor to his own son,* at the First Baptist Church of Glendale, not far from which only recently was born that Chamber of Commerce motto, "The Graham McNamee mountains."

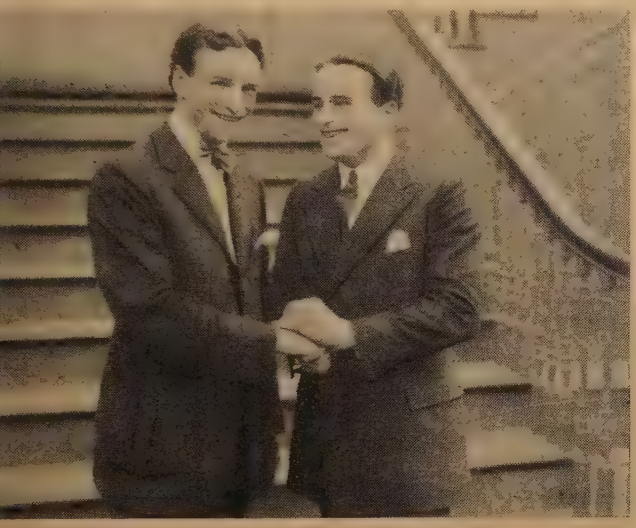
Jim Senior had thought the time should come when he could retire. Looking back at a life of Chautauqua lecturing, evangelistic campaigns and Hippodrome meetings, he felt as though there was a limit to everything. And so he ended his pastorate with the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles and became President of the Northern Baptist Convention.

Immediately his admirers—and their name is legion—saw his flanks in the air. Immediately they nailed him to the book and he found himself not the picture of ease, but the busy pastor of the world famed Tremont Temple Baptist Church of Boston.

triumphs came as a preacher, lecturer and reformer, and where he succeeded the famous humorist "Bob" Burdette, whose triumvirate of Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley were just fading into the shadows of their own careers as Brougher's was starting.

Once you have reached Los Angeles, draw a half-inch line to Glendale. Make a dot in front of the First Baptist church. You need go no further, for you'll see crowds, morning, noon and night. And if you pause there for any length of time, you'll see the sleek, giant, air liners coming and going. When one lands, people will alight, some for the 'movies', others for Los Angeles, but still another group





At the left, Dr. Brougher and Douglas Fairbanks, immediately after he married Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, March, 1920. Above, Dr. Brougher and Tom Mix, during their introduction to the Los Angeles Breakfast Club, of which the venerable clergyman is an executive

ful. And it has brought about a ge trinity.

s we mentioned, Brougher had two and two girls from his marriage. It out those boys that we speak. Jim or, and Russell, both ministers, are cutting a swath through the Devil's ial highways and swinging together eir life like a well oiled axis. During summer, the three spend two months ther. They have done this now for y-two years. There are their cam- ns planned; there is their life kept t; there is found unity, decisiveness ction, consummation of plans.

ipling once mentioned,

Saul, he went to look for donkeys And he Found a Kingdom,"

h is much along the line of what ened to Senior Jim, for he went to for preaching, and instead, he found Kingdom. And he found joy in con- us travel, the drama of evangelism, a deeper understanding and love of e two boys who were to follow his own s.

ow at the age of retirement, no such re of ease comes to the Hoosier-*nee*- fornia, dynamic pastor. Far from it.

Some days later Will Rogers dropped in on him and told Jim "he needed an interpreter around New England." Legend also has it that Rogers was called upon while taking a stroll to admonish a dog which had snarled at him. "Lay down," he commanded. The dog continued snarling. "Now, Will," pointed out Brougher, "you must say, *'lie* down', that's a Boston bull dog and you'll have to use proper grammar here in Boston if you want even a modicum of recognition or obedience from a dog."

For once, Will Rogers had no come back and Brougher once more had met him in an equal matching of wits.

Now then, if you have been making a graph with us, you'll have a line reading something like this—from Indiana to Missouri—thence to Oakland, California —then east to Rochester, New York. From there the line continues to Paterson, New Jersey—thence to Chattanooga, Tennessee—then back again to the Pacific Coast and to Portland, Oregon, where he had a successful pastorate of six years at the White Temple Baptist Church. From Portland, Oregon, draw another line down to Southern California, for it was in this city that his greatest will be found who will say, "Where's Jim Brougher?" and there will be a smile as they point toward this temporary depot of the religious evangelist.

Like all the rest of the people who know "Jim" we like to think that he represents best that dying type of American, so well typified by himself, Will Rogers and such men as "Jim" Hill; those who built empires only after they established the Kingship of Man in themselves.

Write this down in your sermon books:

In 1900, America began to breed a race of people, which though ingenious mechanically, was utterly lacking in wisdom. Of arts and culture they knew little.

This race built a civilization based on material gain, lust for pleasure and made it topheavy with banks, gold, greed and avarice. It had to capsize: and it did.

To future leaders it offers no lesson save as a glowing example of what *not* to do. It's art, culture and music were negligible. And they destroyed a nation built by men —destroyed, we say, by a group of mechanists, bankers and brush salesmen.

Those are our own words—but they're James Whitcomb Brougher's message.

And, believe it, or not—we, the editor, humbly acknowledge these aforegoing facts to be true, to the best of our knowledge and ability.

THOUGH A SMALL CHURCH . . .

We don't hide Our Light

By

David Lindsley

★

Since many of our readers are members of small churches, we publish this article in the belief that the pastors and board members of those small churches will find Mr. Lindsley's successful experiment useful in increasing the attendance in their own churches. We will be glad to forward to him all inquiries received by us.

★

I AM a minister in a small suburban town just outside one of our large eastern cities. Most of my parishioners are people who work in offices and factories, but who have moved out to "the country" to get some fresh air and sunshine for their growing families. I came here after having spent two of the happiest years of my life in a little country church that was located in one of the richest farming areas of our state. Consequently, although I was born, raised and educated in the "big city," I have come to know small-town folks and farmers on rather intimate terms.

In every one of the communities in which I have lived, I have been surprised to find that a majority of people were pretty much of one mind in regard to the Church: if it was not actually a "back number," at least it had seen better days and was now going into a pretty swift decline! Many people in the city silently proclaimed their attitude by completely ignoring it. Students at the university frankly revealed their opinion of it in many a heated "bull session." And even among the saintliest pillars of my little country church I often heard the complaint: "In *our* day people used to come to church every Sunday. You simply can't get them today! They're more interested in the Sunday paper!" It all added up to the same thing: somehow or other the Church had lost its hold on people—it no longer interested them. They still used it for funerals and marriages, but further than that, they scarcely bothered with it.

Well, it was curious—and, to tell the truth, rather discouraging—to hear on every side the word that the Church was no longer needed in the modern world; because from my earliest youth I had looked forward to the ministry as a fascinating career. I never thought seriously of backing out of it, but I did spend a good deal of time worrying about whether I was possibly getting into some sort of dead-end profession.

Before I left seminary, I had made up my mind that if anything could be done about the situation, I was going to try to do it. One man probably couldn't do much, but at least he could try! Here is the story of what has happened so far:

I went to my first parish feeling that the chief problem to be attacked was that of church attendance; for if we could only get people to *come* to church, I felt, we would probably be able to catch their interest and enlist their help in our work. In our little country community I soon found that we could expect an average attendance of thirty or thirty-five people at any one church service. (There were approximately eighty active members on the church roll. During my last ten months of service there, our average attendance moved upward from thirty or thirty-five a week to exactly sixty-three!

When I first came to the little suburban church of which I am now pastor, I was told that the average congregation would number forty-five or fifty. During the last eight months, however, we have had an average attendance of seventy-seven at every church service—and that includes a pretty bad slump during the severe winter weather.

These attendance figures are given for regular Sunday morning services only. There have been numerous evening services, such as a Christmas Eve service, a Good Friday service and a number devoted to special purposes which have not been counted in the above figures. Because they were 'feature' services, the attendance recorded for them was always higher than our present average.

Such a record as this, it seems to me, is by no means a thing to marvel at. For we have approximately 125 names of more-or-less active members on the roll of our church, and there are probably another 100 potential church members in the community who will be available to us when we learn how to contact them in the right way. But the records so far have been mighty encouraging, and in recent months we have been able to do things that many of us at first thoug would be difficult or even impossible accomplish.

To begin with, there was the matt of finances. When I first came to t church, I had taken it for granted that i finances were in good order. Imagine n amazement, then, when, at the bottom the first financial statement which can to my hands, I saw a note which informe me that the church was running a curre deficit of more than $200! Some of i bills were a good deal more than s months old.

When I investigated the matter, found that the church had rather gott into the habit of running current defici At the end of the previous fiscal year, had had to record a deficit of approx mately $125. Such a situation was n only 'news' to me—it was disturbi news!

Without much delay, the boards of t church were called into joint session decide what we should do about the ma ter. They felt that it would be best lay the whole matter before the people the church, to be perfectly frank abo our difficulty, and ask them to make special contribution to clear the defi as quickly as possible. As a result, discovered at the end of our fiscal yea that the deficit had been completely wip out and there was actually a cash balan on hand—for the first time in years! A besides that, we had spent almost $1 more than we had planned to spend in t preceding four months!

At the church service in which t pledges for the current fiscal year we handed in, twelve of our regular contrib tors (all of them people in very modera circumstances) pledged more than $1 in excess of their pledges last year—a no one knew what his neighbor was pled ing! In addition, six of our 'heaviest gi ers' enrolled themselves as "Emergen Givers" besides making their regul pledges.

If it is thought that I am choosing on the brights spots of our financial situ tion, I am ready to admit that the chur is not rolling in wealth. Yet, despite t fact that we increased our budget th year, it was over-subscribed by a marg of $200.

I realize that the financial condition

hurch is not necessarily indicative of real spiritual health. Yet the facts ich I have given above are, I believe, hly significant. For when people are erested enough in the Church to *reach wn into their pockets* a little deeper, we safely assume that *they are interested!* There are a number of matters having do with the *impression* the Church kes on the general public which I should e to mention here. If you are inclined say that they are superficial and have y little to do with the real life and rk of the Church, please remember that majority *of people* are quite ready and ling to judge *anything* merely on the sis of the impression it happens to make them. They may come to church mere- because they feel that it is "alive" and t something important must be happen- there; or they may stay away simply ause they feel that it is "dead," and hing of any account could possibly be pening inside. If we were going to get ple to come to church, we felt that we l better watch out for the impression made!

Ours was one of those most-of-the-time- ked-and-darkened churches. The im- ssion that a non-church-goer gets of h a place is obvious. He may be utter- mistaken in his feeling about it, but en Sunday comes around he will stay ne and read the paper; for to him it ms that the church has no tie-up with . To off-set such an impression, we ve been scheduling at least three or r weekly meetings *in the church* in- ad of the parishioners' homes; and ry evening the front of the church is d-lighted, whether a meeting is sched- d or not. Within a year we are hoping have it open every day for use in quiet ditation or prayer.

We have found that one of the best ys of 'advertising' the church and its ivities is to use the daily newspapers her regularly. Although we are located a suburban community, the dailies of adjacent city have given us some fine te-ups, giving us all the space we asked whenever we wanted it. And we have fited by the publicity!

Although ours is a small church, we have n able to buy, in recent months, a large ply of fine stationery to use for our respondence. It is used not only for the general business of the church, but also for a "pastoral letter," which is sent to every family in the congregation and to all interested friends of the church at least once every quarter. Needless to say, this one item of our program, while involving some expense, has produced a very favorable impression; people have begun to feel not only that the church is alive, but that it carries on its business in a modern and business-like way.

The effect which a church service produces on the minds of those who attend it has been the object of careful consideration by the boards of our church. Believing that a service of worship should be as dignified and as beautiful as possible, we have sought to eliminate every distracting or incongruous element.

Announcements of all church activities, together with the order of service for the day, are put in the hands of every worshiper as he enters the church, in the form of a neatly printed four-page bulletin made up for the purpose from week to week. This not only eliminates the 'announcement period' in the service, but enables us to carry the service through reverently and quietly without the slightest need for "stage directions" from the pastor regarding the number of the next hymn or of the responsive reading.

"Ah, but *our* church couldn't possibly afford to have printed programs!" That cry will inevitably rise from the lips of hundreds of small-church members. The answer is simply this: that it can! The duplicating equipment which we use (and it does first-class work) cost us originally $6.75; and we are paying considerably less than fifty cents a week for *all* upkeep costs and supplies. If there is a church that could not possibly afford such an investment in its Sunday services, I have yet to see it!

We have two choirs in the church (a Children's Choir and the regular Senior Choir). They have a combined active membership of forty-five, and an average attendance each week of about thirty. They are gowned in a black cassock and white surplice, at a cost of less than $1.50 per person! Both choirs bought their gowns at their own expense. Although there is not a trained singer in the group, each choir has its own processional and recessional; they sing an occasional anthem; and the Senior Choir sings responses after the prayers in various parts of the service. And now, other churches and various outside organizations are asking for them for their own special services!

Recently we have been trying two experiments which, we felt, would put the interest of our people to the test. If the experiments succeeded, we could probably rest assured that the people had really become interested in the church and its work in the community; if they failed, then we would know that there was still much work to be done.

For some months one subject that came up repeatedly in board meetings was the matter of summer attendance. With the first whiff of balmy air our people seemed *to disappear* from church services! One evening while the boards were wondering what could be done about it, someone suggested that we might try *two* services on Sunday morning instead of one. (It had been suggested to him by some words of Roger Babson's which had appeared in a recent issue of *Christian Herald.*)

The idea 'took,' and it was decided that we would try the experiment for two months—just to see what would happen. If the combined attendance at the two morning services stayed up anywhere near our fall-winter-and-spring average of seventy-seven per Sunday, then we felt that we could say our experiment had succeeded. If the combined attendance fell much below our former average, we felt that it would be best to give up the experiment at the end of the two-month period. With open minds (and, be it said, with trembling knees!) we went into the experiment. We made arrangements to have the first service (a shortened form of the regular service, but identical with it as far as possible) begin at 9:00 o'clock, and to have the Junior Choir on hand for its part in it. The 11:00 o'clock service would be carried on exactly as usual.

Up to the present time the combined average attendance at the two services has not only stayed up 'somewhere near' our former average but has actually mounted up to an average of 117 per Sunday! We had feared that perhaps 9:00 o'clock was too early an hour for most of our parishioners to be at church, yet those who have attended the early service (and there have been more than fifty each time) are highly enthusiastic about it! It looks very much as if we shall keep on with our experiment.

The figures given above are for the month of June, 1937. We knew that would be a slump in July, since so many of our people take vacation in that month. But when the summer schedule was over, we found that our average attendance for the whole experimental period had actually jumped from 77 per Sunday to a bit more than 92—a gain of twenty-two per cent each week. Now it is being seriously proposed that the two-service schedule be carried on throughout the whole year.

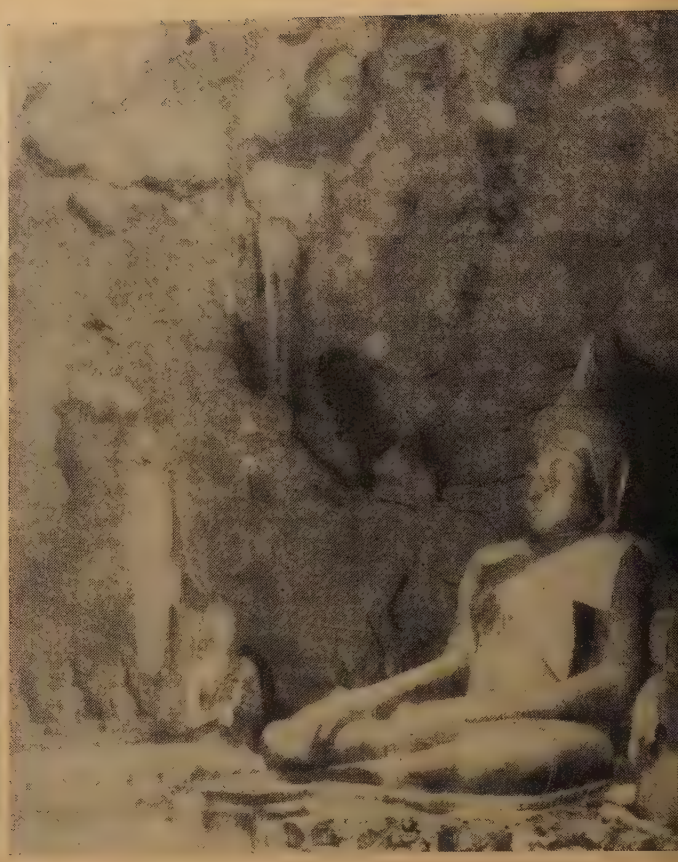
The second experiment was a bit more unusual—perhaps a bit dangerous to try. Here is what happened:

On Sunday morning, June 6, there rang out from the tower of our Church the glorious pealing of many bells. Then the deep resonant tones of a great organ playing "Adeste Fideles." Then, as the people approached the church for service, they heard the majestic strains of Handel's "Largo" and a string choir playing Godard's lovely "Adagio Pathetique." The response was immediate and intensely enthusiastic!

For some years I had been thinking of broadcasting music from the tower of a church. We had been using bells to call our people to service for hundreds of years. Now, perhaps, with the help of modern amplifying methods, we might be able to use an organ or string choir or voices—and perhaps we could do it effectively. Within the last couple of weeks the members of the congregation have decided to install the equipment permanently—and already have raised the money needed to purchase it!

Whenever I hear someone saying that the Church today is a 'back number'—that twentieth century people are no longer interested in it—I laugh.

And then I invite him to come to Church next Sunday!



These Buddhist gods are worshiped blindly by millions, but only Christianity "works"—by bringing to mankind decency, enlightenment, civilization and good will to men, and the assurance of blessed immortality

THE FAITH THAT WORK

By Berton Braley

IT IS an increasingly frequent intellectual exercise of our more "advanced thinkers" to talk and write about the "Bankruptcy of Christianity".

Such an argument can be plausibly supported—if you write all the liabilities in red ink and make no endeavor to balance them with assets "in the black".

But you need not be an expert accountant to demonstrate the falsity of this system of bookkeeping. Simple arithmetic is enough. Christianity is a going concern and a success. Within the limitations of a man's fallibility and human weakness, the greatest success he has achieved and the main foundation of all other successes he has accomplished.

A broad statement—and meant to be broad, for it is provable by every pragmatic test. Pragmatism, as you know, is that tenet of philosophy which holds that the test of anything—material or ideal—is how it works. Not how it *should* work, or how far it falls short of perfection, but how well it operates in comparison with other ideals or realities in an actual practical world. And by that cold standard of *performance*, Christianity, as a Philosophy and a Method of Living, shows more satisfactory results than any other religious or any ethical code that now governs, or has governed, the mind of humanity.

I make no apologies for approaching this subject with a materialistic mind. I believe, and I think history proves, that the first measure of a civilization is how well it provides the materials of existence—how amply it feeds, clothes and houses the people who live under it. Men have starved and shivered and gone roofless for the spirit's sake, it is true, but starving peoples have never progressed far in spiritual matters. Men, as a mass, cannot think beyond food when food is lacking.

How then, does Christianity—a Christian civilization—meet this material test as compared with Buddhism or Mohammedanism? The comparison, were it not tragic, would be ludicrous.

The Mohammedan has made a desert of most of the once fertile realms he conquered, and lives in them in a mass misery, filth, disease and degradation almost inconceivable by Christian eyes.

The Buddhists squat in squalor and poverty incredible, weighed down with despair and superstition, waiting for the Great God Budd to release them into the placid negation of Nirvana.

Our Christian Civilization falls infinitely short of Christ's vision. It is muddled, clumsy, cruel, inequitable and enormously wasteful. But its foulest slums, its most hopeless haunts of the Submerged Tenth, seem almost wholesome by comparison with the conditions in which *nine*-ten of Buddhists and Mohammedans ex Travel where the Crescent rides or bronze Buddhas brood and you will b witness to this.

And wherever, in those lands of ot faiths, you find material Samaritanism free hospitals, clinics, orphanages, sch for general education—they are eit conducted under Christian auspices, their origin can be traced to Christ missions of a religious or secular nat The idea that I am my Brother's kee —and that humanity is my brother— Christian idea, and one that leaven whole civilization only under Christian

Let us examine the Gospel of Chr lamely and haltingly though we follow as a *practical* way of living. And we do this best by contrast. Let us supp for impossible example, that the Un States, like India—India before the B ist conquest—lived under mixed Budd and Mohammedan rule. Suppose that purely material influence of Christian disregarding, for the moment, its spiri values, had never touched us, what wo existence among us be like today?

We would have no trains, cars, ste

s or aeroplanes. Even the highways d be few, narrow and seldom metaled. re would be no telephones, radios, pho- aphs; no "stiff" cameras, either, for matter, or printed books. We would ithout electricity or gas and lack even sene. Our rooms would be lighted candles and medieval oil lamps. We d have sun dials, but no watches or s. We would till the soil with the est of implements and only by the back-breaking labor.

e would, in fact, have literally noth- f the mechanical processes that ease broaden existence with us now. True, Christian civilizations enjoy many of benefits today, but they did not e them.

r invention is almost entirely a prod- f Christian civilization. It even hap- that no inconsiderable part grew in al surroundings. Edison, C. W. , and Morse, as instances, were mem- of ministerial families. And though inventors have been agnostics and sts (I am not contending that per- religion has any direct bearing,) theless research, invention and scien- discovery have flourished almost wholly in the environment of Christianity.

The evidence is overwhelming.

And the reason is simple. However often it has been twisted, warped, and suppressed, intellectual freedom is something that Christ himself represented and preached, it is fundamental to His faith, and it endures and enlarges.

There is no room in the other philosophies for such individual liberty —no encouragement to that kind of seeking; and Mohammedanism and Buddhism have produced no important inventions or creative ideas in two thousand years.

So, to recur to our imaginings of America without Christianity, we would have schools where we learned the Koran and the Veda and perhaps the maxims of Confucius by rote, but of our great system of public education — nothing. That's a Christian idea. Actually a church idea, backed by organized religion from our beginnings.

In this supposititious Moslem-Buddhistic United States, we would have no research laboratories, and no exact medical knowledge by which to protect ourselves against plague, pestilence and famine. No general hospitalization. No public health service.

We would have a few vast and glittering palaces with gardens, baths and fountains. Hundreds of tombs of tremendous but wasteful splendor for the princely dead, and ninety-nine per cent of the living would be housed in quarters so crowded, odoriferous and infested with vermin and bacteria that the occidental mind can't visualize them.

The mass of us would get our water from doubtful wells and wash our few garments in polluted rivers. Here and there some particularly generous prince or satrap might have built an aqueduct; but of water supply and sewage disposal for the common people as a public duty, our rulers would have no conception.

Organized relief would be almost entirely lacking. The lame, halt and blind would be left to the occasional largess of the open handed.

That the general health and housing of the "mob" is any concern of the more fortunate, save as an occasional gesture of generosity, would not be dreamt of in their philosophy.

It may be that the higher standard of living of Christian peoples is due to racial genius rather than to religious philosophy. It may be, but as a lay observer, I doubt it. For Christianity came from a Semitic race in the Levant, where Islam now holds sway. Were it mere racial genius that makes Christian civilization, would the gospel of a Levantine Jew be its religion? Logic would seem to show that Christianity itself and not any particular racial genius has directed the progress of Christian civilization.

That progress, measured against the ideals of Christ—to reiterate—is nothing to be self-righteous about. We are only "inching along" in the words of the negro spiritual. But because of the inspiration of that gospel itself, our inches are ells in comparison with the human accomplishment of other faiths.

To the sum total of material comfort and organization for mass amelioration and progress, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and Confucianism have contributed practically nothing. And to go on itemizing what a non-Christian America would lack of the material means of decent living, would be to add endlessly to a dreary and appalling series of subtractions.

These farmers in the Northwest of India have made no progress in their farming methods under Buddhism

As for the spiritual values of Christianity—if they can be wholly dissociated from the material—our life is unimaginable without them.

We do not live up to them, not remotely. We probably fail more woefully in approximating the moral and spiritual ideals of our faith than do Buddhists and Mohammedans in relation to their own.

But, faulty as our performance is, it brings more of human happiness and well-being, because the ideals mean more.

Christianity is a Faith that works

The Campanile on the campus at Iowa State, containing the Stanton Memorial Carillon, clock and chimes

Utterly frank, and with true impartiality, this Senior paints the picture of the religious life of

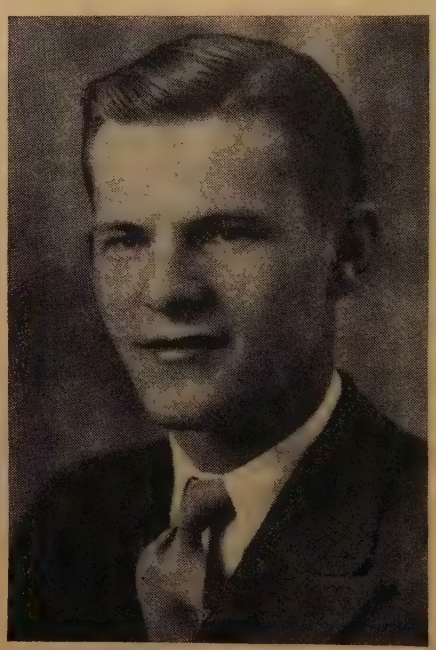
COLLEGE STUDENTS 1938 STYLE

THE days of the "heap-big" raccoon coat, loudly decorated tin lizzie, and stylish knee-length skirt have passed, and with them the typical "Rah! Rah!" student and "flapper" coed. No longer can these descriptions truthfully sketch the typical modern college youth, but still this "hotcha" idea of college and its attendants persists with many.

I am a student in a typical Midwestern college. I have taken and am taking an active part in young people's work in church. I believe that neither the "Rah! Rah!" man nor "hotcha" woman is symbolic of today's college student. I contend that religion at college does *not* take the "back seat". I honestly feel that many persons not versed on the true situation have the perverted belief that college means a four-year cut in one's religious experience. It is for these reasons that I decided to make an actual survey on religion at college. I had personal interviews with representative college pastors —both Protestant and Catholic—to learn of their frank expressions on this vital issue. Each was asked the same set of questions, the replies to which form the chief basis of this article.

Before interviewing these pastors, however, I obtained data from college records on the percentage of new students coming to this Midwestern institution giving no church preference. Figures reveal that only three to four per cent of all new students registering list no church preference. Some from this group have one, but do not record it for personal reasons. Actually, then, this already low percentage would be still further reduced if these facts were taken into account. Although these numbers do not mean that ninety-six percent of the new students are regular and active church members, they do indicate that religion has had some place in the lives of these students before they entered college.

Perhaps no other group appreciates the worth of these figures more than the college pastors—men whose duty it is to minister to college youth. Certainly they should know of students' religious interests. These clergymen do not paint a picture so perfect that it can not be improved upon, but I believe it is good enough to merit some comment—good enough to stand against the distorted conception as college as a "Hell hole" so far as religion is concerned!



The author

MAX HEDRICK

a recent graduate of Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, was President of the Presbyterian Church Student Council, President of the Interchurch Student Council of Iowa State College, and President of the Iowa Westminster Fellowship Council. He is twenty-four years old

In response to my first question, "Do you believe most college students coming here have an interest in religion?", ministers' answers were unanimo "Yes". This "interest", however, va Although the number decidedly activ not in the majority, it is high. Mar student, claims one pastor, has not as found his place in religion, and is thus with an unsettled interest. Another serves that students generally are too tled in their religious beliefs, when actu they don't as yet know them. Ano feels that the "atmosphere" of the co on the question has as much to do students' interest as do the pastors churches themselves. Another beli that college students are more deeply cerned with religion than a compara group of non-college youth. One o holds that college students very often a more active interest than do persons are twenty or more years older. T older people are more settled, and inclined to accept, without question, uations as they are.

My next query is closely allied. "W seems to be the biggest reasons for t who do not become active in the churc college?" Two-thirds of the pastors li social activities, studies, and fratern and sororities as the main reasons. ligion is "crowded out" by these activi with no definite planning on the stud part to do so. The fraternity's and rority's social program, most pastors serve, is made up with little or no co eration for the church. The majorit pastors feel, however, that a great dea pends upon the leaders of these organ houses as to church interests. A g having actives with a real interest in church will, as a rule, have a house regularly attends Sunday services. On other hand, one having leaders with a different or "mocking" attitude wil sparsely represented in the House of on the Sabbath. In such cases, only t with the very strongest of convictions be in attendance. Other reasons given students not becoming active in the lege church are: wrong church trainin home, removal of pressure from fa and community ties, laziness and indi ence, lack of a definite knowledge o ligion, and weakness of convictions.

To my next inquiry, "Do many co students, once interested in the churc home, find the situation too different college town to become adjusted?", answers given disclosed some interes slants. Nearly eighty per cent of thos

Top, a
ent in Industrial Science sealing a glass tube to a flask. Next, an informal group
eds after class hours in the lounge of the Memorial Union. The author of this
le has taken a prominent part in all student activities throughout his school life

ved believe that few students find llege situation too dissimilar. "Stu- who do believe the case too complex s feel a touch of inferiority because vastness of the whole college situa- suggests one minister. "Old ties and are broken and a sort of detached is apt to result." Another pastor that those students who do feel difference as to keep them from ecoming adjusted are not usually us of any real struggle. However, stor pointed out that this situation oming adjusted to strange circum- happens no more with college peo- n with others, in fact, not so much llege town as another.

nswer to the next question, "Do students not active in religion at become interested in some church college graduation?", some encour- houghts were advanced. Two-thirds men interviewed feel that there is ly number of such students. The ne-third feels this number is small. stor suggests that many a person to college knowing only one church arents' choice. Once here, this indi- often "visits", with friends, first one and then another and perhaps finds likes better than his own. Another pastor notes that quite a few students join the church for the first time while in college, but this group is never very great at any one time. Another minister feels the student's interest is directly related to the type of program carried on by the churches. If the work offered is active, instructive, and interesting, it will naturally attract a more lively attention. Finally, several pastors believe that students become active in college churches for the first time because of the striking sermons, lovely music, inspiring church architecture, or high student interest.

My next question, "Do you believe most college students practice religious teachings during the week?", brought forth some stimulating notions. All pastors agreed without dissent that, for the most part, the average student is making an honest effort to lead a Christian life. One pastor claims there is more of this effort than we realize. Many students spend moments of quiet with God and His Word. Perhaps, suggests one, the student never in church has better ideals than we can ever know. The influence of college faculty on the daily life of the student is ever present, another remarks. Then, too, a lot depends upon the pastor. He must, through the pulpit, give the student something he can definitely do. If he fails in this he fails in his duty to youth, contends another. The commandments most commonly abused by students in their daily living, some pastors assume, are the sixth and seventh.

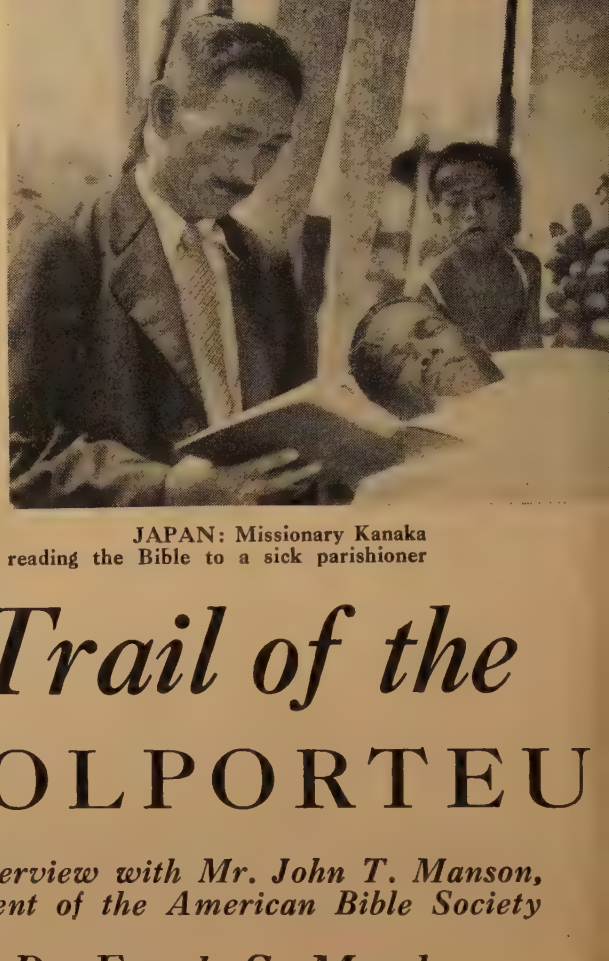
My next question, "Do college students, unsolicited, respond to the pastor's general invitation for personal or private talks?" brought a unanimous "Yes" as the reply. However, the number of students taking advantage of this opportunity is limited. Suggested reasons for the few were that the student is afraid his question is not important, has fear of "opening up" and telling everything in order to get counsel, or is simply too busy. All the ministers feel that practically every student would come in if he were directly asked. Most pastors find that those students making appointments have a definite idea in mind. Few arrange a chat to talk about the weather. Problems on church membership, faith, finances, school troubles, love, and family relations are most common. One advanced the belief that modern home life has not the strength it should have, and thus the student comes to his pastor rather than to his parents for advice. Several ministers noted that students of other denominations than their own often seek their advice on problems. One pastor has found that when an outside man preaches, students "swamp" him for private conferences. Perhaps it is because they feel any outside man must be an expert, perhaps it is because of his personality, or again, perhaps it is because they would rather confide in some one they feel is understanding but whom they will not see again. College youth want the pastor's confidence, advice, frankness, and sincerity.

My next question, "Do students as a rule carry the learnings received from their college churches back to their home churches and put them into practice?" although hard to answer exactly, brought out several interesting points. In this respect, many pastors are disappointed in students. Suggested reasons are advanced for no more students putting into effect their learnings from college churches. Many times "cold water" is thrown by older members of the home congregation on any new ideas coming from an overly enthusiastic college student. Again, college youth leaders may not be immediately used at home, and their plans never directly come to light. However, several pastors maintain that the influence which college youth has upon the home group is extremely important. As a rule, new group games and mixers learned at college church social hours are put into effect more often than are program ideas for young people's meetings. This tends to show that there is a definite need for college courses in religious leadership, insist most pastors.

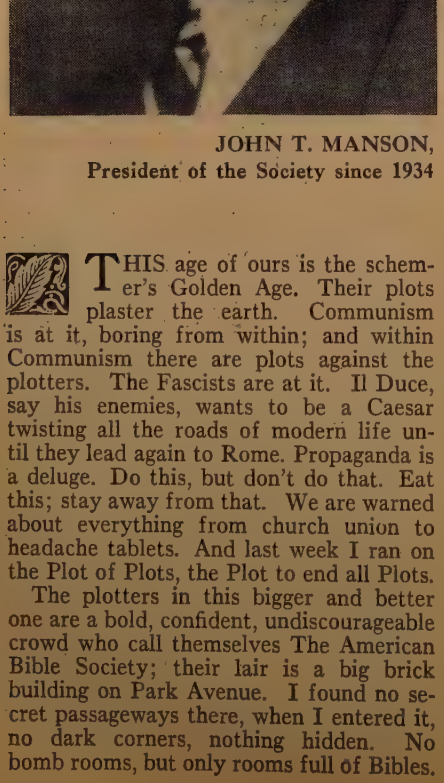
Replies to my final question, "Is actual church attendance over a period of time an adequate indicator of interest in religion?" shed some interesting light upon an age-old query. More than seventy-five per cent of those interviewed feel that church attendance over a period of time is the best indicator of interest in religion we have. Although it is not an exclusive or exhaustive test, it is certainly a very important one. The rest deem it as an absolute index.

Religion at college is, to say the least, a big and vital matter. Although it is not true that any person coming to college will automatically fall into the hands of students leading a Christian life, neither is it true that all students coming to college will fall into the clutches of evil and wrong doers. College should strengthen religious beliefs, and any student with strong convictions should graduate with ideals another step advanced!

CHINA: Half his books sold, the colporteur gives a little girl a ride in his basket



JAPAN: Missionary Kanaka reading the Bible to a sick parishioner



JOHN T. MANSON, President of the Society since 1934

The Trail of the COLPORTEU

An interview with Mr. John T. Manson, President of the American Bible Society

By Frank S. Mead

THIS age of ours is the schemer's Golden Age. Their plots plaster the earth. Communism is at it, boring from within; and within Communism there are plots against the plotters. The Fascists are at it. Il Duce, say his enemies, wants to be a Caesar twisting all the roads of modern life until they lead again to Rome. Propaganda is a deluge. Do this, but don't do that. Eat this; stay away from that. We are warned about everything from church union to headache tablets. And last week I ran on the Plot of Plots, the Plot to end all Plots.

The plotters in this bigger and better one are a bold, confident, undiscourageable crowd who call themselves The American Bible Society; their lair is a big brick building on Park Avenue. I found no secret passageways there, when I entered it, no dark corners, nothing hidden. No bomb rooms, but only rooms full of Bibles. This is Headquarters. This is America's No. One Distributing plant for one of the most widespread propaganda projects on the face of the earth. We dropped in to talk about this plot to cover the earth with Bibles, with the Chief. He is John T. Manson.

Now there is nothing Hitlerish nor Stalinesque about John T. Manson. He is on the Board of Directors of Princeton Seminary, a trustee of Lafayette College, a Director of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions and Director of half a dozen big business enterprises. He knows what it means to be successful. He walks with a firm step, sure of what he's doing. We asked, first, about his organization. How many men did he have at work distributing Bibles?

"Thousands of them," he replied. "We have twenty-five centers, or stations; working out of them we have three or four thousand colporteurs and other field workers. They're the men who do the front line work."

There's a word. Colporteurs! There's red blood in it, romance, adventure and valor. Colporteurs! Not weak, effeminate, cartoon-strip little fellows handing out Bibles with apologetic hands, but colporteurs pushing their huskies and dogsleds across the frozen North, colporteurs paddling canoes in the South Seas, colporteurs with faces whipped leather-li sand storms in the deserts of Egy Palestine, colporteurs facing Comm in China, the jungle in Guatemala. porteurs! The more you pronounce better it sounds.

Mr. Manson's eyes glinted as he of them. "Yes, there's adventure job. Not many people seem to thi but there is. Those fellows out th the front get hold of me as the he Kipling and Henty and Stevenson g of me when I was a boy. You k used to read everything I could find old 'gay voyageurs' of the West. R ber them? Those bearded, grizzled, er-faced, devil-may-care fellows stalked their game in the forest brought their pelts down the wild ness rivers in their big canoes? envied them, and their job! But I w swap this job for theirs, today. W became a man and put away my c books, that old voyageur sailed rig of my life and mind, and the col sailed in. The voyageur was carryi this colporteur of mine is carrying Light, Truth. What a cargo that

"And the Klondike got me, in my Remember the mushers of that lon trail? The men gone mad with gol ger, packing over Chilkoot Pass, f starving, fighting, killing each othe

PATAGONIA: The oldest colporteur, Rosendo Ibanez, 85, driving his own cart and horse near the Chilean border, close to the Andes Mountains

EGYPT: Colporteur Yusef Hanada, pursuing his work in the shadow of the Pyramids

little yellow lumps of 'pay dirt.' They went up there to take something. We send men up there now to *leave* something: to leave gold nuggets all over the place, in the form of Christian Bibles. Look here." He pulled a crumpled letter out of his pocket. "Look at this. This is a letter from an old Alaskan trader. There was a dollar bill in it. A creased, well-worn and well-soiled dollar bill. The old fellow said there was an Eskimo friend of his two hundred miles east of Point Barrow, on the Coast, cut off from everything and everybody, including missions and churches. He wanted two Bibles for that dollar, to take to the Eskimo. He got them, by return mail. He hitched up his dogs and mushed that two hundred miles across the snow and ice, and delivered them. Can you see that Eskimo in his igloo, reading that Bible by the light of his whale-oil lamp, while Aurora Borealis flares outside? When I think of that, the old Klondike mushers look like fools."

Point Barrow, we suggested, was about as far north as a Bible distributor could go. How far the other way goes the trail of the colporteur? How far South? He pointed to a map on the wall.

"Well, there's Micronesia. That's not so far from Australia, and Australia isn't so very far, by comparison from the South Pole. We call it Down Under. We are sending out Bibles to the people of Down Under, every day. To The Marshall Islands, and Gilbert Islands, and Ponape and Nauru and Truk. That's the trail of the colporteur: it runs North to South, East and West. Sometimes it detours to spots and places that are only names to most of us. Following the colporteur is a liberal education in geography. Did you ever hear of La Paz? We've a man there; several men. Can you trace the course of the White Nile? Where is Kenya? Kwangung? Singors? The Bahrein Islands? Don't be embarrassed. I didn't know, either, until I discovered that we were sending Bibles there."

"But how do all these different peoples read these Bibles? Do you have different translations in all those languages?"

"That's it. There's another fellow who's been neglected: the translator. He's the aide-de-camp to the colporteur. He puts the manna down where the people can get it, puts the Word in their own languages. There are a good many different languages on the tongues of men, and we haven't discovered all of them yet. But the Scriptures have been put into 991 languages so far, and that's quite a few. There's the Bulu Old Testament, and the Samareno. The Quiché New Testament, and a Circassian translation of St. Matthew. There is a Songa translation, and a Nuer, Moré, Japanese, Ragoli, Hopi, Arapahoe, Ojibwa. . . ."

"Ojibwa? That's American Indian, isn't it?"

"It is. It's the speech of the Chippewa Indians."

"But I thought you were a . . . well, a sort of foreign missionary Society . . . I mean. . . ." I was flustered.

"I know what you mean. But don't forget that there are Home Missions, too. We've never forgotten that. Forty per cent of our work is done right here in the United States. We have agents busy in the Dust Bowl; every Easter Sunday morning, in a big Western Tuberculosis Sanitarium, we place a Testament on the tray of every patient, wrapped in white tissue paper and topped with a white flower. The letters we get from those patients would break your heart. We've passed out 150,000 Testaments and I don't know how many Bibles to the C. C. C. It has cost us $10,000, and it's worth it; the Chaplains tell us that the boys are as hungry for Bibles as they are for mess. We gave out thousands of free tracts and leaflets at the Texas Centennial. We put out thousands more to the Chippewas and the Hopis and the Navajos, on their reservations. We take the Word to the colored folks of the South, and to the 'poor whites' in the Southern mountains. Since 1835, we've distributed 125,000 volumes of Scripture in raised printing to the blind, in twenty-five languages. And listen to this: last year in Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey we circulated Bibles or portions of Bibles in thirty-four different languages! That's Home Missions, my friend. Then there are the hospitals and the prisons and the jails and the children's homes and. . . ."

"Er . . . how many, all together?"

"You mean, how many last year?"

"Last year, and during the last one hundred years, since you were organized?"

He closed his eyes and reeled off the figures; he knew them by heart. "In 1936, 7,783,018 Bibles, Testaments and Portions, 3,110,713 of these in the United States. Since 1816, when we started—well, it is one of those figures you just have to look at and ponder over; 276,371,654 volumes."

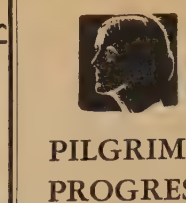
Mr. Manson is in Big Business. Big Business has always bewildered me, more or less. Figures have forever befuddled me. I never could visualize a million dollars; I can't imagine a million people, or two hundred and seventy six million Bibles, Testaments and Portions. I just sat and stared at the figures. I recalled that "Gone With The Wind" had sold a million and a half and made a fortune for somebody. But this Bible Society alone had put out *eight* million the same year. That represented a young fortune, too.

"Hmm. You must make a lot of money, with a market like that."

He chuckled. "We don't make a penny. Not a cent. We don't want to. That's not what we're here for. As a matter of fact, we lose on every book that goes out from our presses. You see, we ask just enough for them to cover the cost of labor and materials. That leaves freight and postage stamps and all the rest of the overhead. Voluntary contributions make it up, now and then, but we're in the red and proud of it. We're a non-profit organization, spending $842,000 a year. We could spend ten times our income, if we had it."

That prompted us to ask the business man a business-man question: "And do you consider it a good investment?"

"I've been *(Continued on page 52)*



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

This is Southdown Lane, leading up the hill from Hearthstone to the Black Barn field. It is an old smugglers' road

Saving SOUTH-DOWN LANE

MOST of the questions I am asked by my readers are concerned with the prevalent idea that the beauty of England is being destroyed. My questioners ask me indignantly how and why the English can be so hardened as to be indifferent to this wanton destruction.

It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to these queries. What is happening to England is happening all over the world. The reason we Americans all feel bitterly about this particular country is that our cultural heritage is so largely British which gives us a possessive feeling toward these Islands, and also because England is unique on earth for the beauty of its ancient small houses and the subtle charm of its rural landscapes.

Dr. Alexis Carrel in his, "Man, the Unknown," says that beauty "is always the noblest and most important guest of the human cerebrum, creator of our universe," but, "The sense of beauty may vanish in nations which formerly were proud of their great artists and their masterpieces."

He goes on to speak of the "indescribable ugliness" of modern houses in Normandy and of the "hideous commercialism" which is disgracing Parisian architecture. And Dr. Carrel could with justice have included England and America in his indictment, although of course America has less to lose than the older countries.

It is true as Dr. Carrel says, that industry has blunted and blighted the sense of beauty in the vast majority. But there remains, as always, the small percentage in every country who are fighting to save a remnant of the priceless heritage of our artistic past. And England has its champions of loveliness, small in number, though they be. I have recently come in contact with one of the organizations which is fighting the universal blight and I want to tell you about it.

My house, Hearthstone, stands on a corner, facing north. In front is the old road to Dartmouth. At right angles to this road, running southward up a long, steep hill, is Southdown Lane. Originally this was a "pack road" used by smugglers from the caves, under the Great East Hill. These caves are now fallen on unromantic days, being used as dressing-rooms by bathers. Great East Hill is a sheep pasture. The Lane is no longer a secret and perilous way, but open to all and sundry. But it is still one of the loveliest roadways in this part of England.

The centuries of use have worked it deeper and deeper into the hill, until it is a good eight feet or so below the level of the fields and gardens which border it. And as topping the road-edge, are hedges, varying in height from six to ten feet, you can imagine the quaintness of Southdown Lane. The Lane embankment is deep-cushioned with ivy and fern, and embellished with all the delightful flowers known to this pleasant land; Dairy-maids, Ragged Robins, Foxglove, Violets and Primroses, are among those present. The hedges are of holly and hawthorn, blackthorne, gorse, blackberry and ivy bush.

Well! On a day, we beheld a notice posted in the Lane announcing that this precious heirloom would be widened and made into a public highway by a certain date! There was consternation at Hearthstone and among the half-dozen other householders on the Lane. This desecration, we argued, must not be! What could we do about it? There was no real appeal to the local authorities, that is, to the Town Council, for it was they who had posted the notice. Still, the law allowed us a month in which to lodge protests and we would jolly well protest! We gathered in the office of a young architect, who is interested both practically and sentimentally in preserving the ancient beauty of the town, and talked the matter up one side and down the other, only to discover that none of us really knew whether we had any legal recourse or not. It was the architect who finally suggested that as I was a Member of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, we use *(Continued on page 57)*

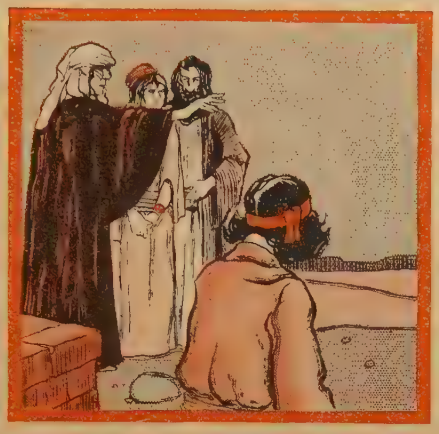
The Story of Jacob *told in pictures* . .

BY DON KONISAROW

© King Features Syndicate

Read GENESIS, CHAPTER 28, 29.

On his journey toward Haran to choose him a wife, after dreaming of angels on a ladder reaching to heaven, Jacob made there at Bethel an altar of stone and poured oil upon it, and made a vow to God.



Arrived in the land of the East, Jacob found men of Haran around a well, watering sheep, and inquired about Laban. They said, "He is well," and, pointing, "Behold, his daughter Rachel cometh!"

Then Jacob drew near and watered the sheep of Laban, his mother's brother. And after he had kissed his cousin Rachel she ran to tell her father, so that he should come out and meet Jacob.

Fleeing from Esau, Jacob went to his uncle, Laban, who had two daughters. Leah was the elder but Jacob bargained with Laban to serve him seven years for her younger sister Rachel, whom he loved.

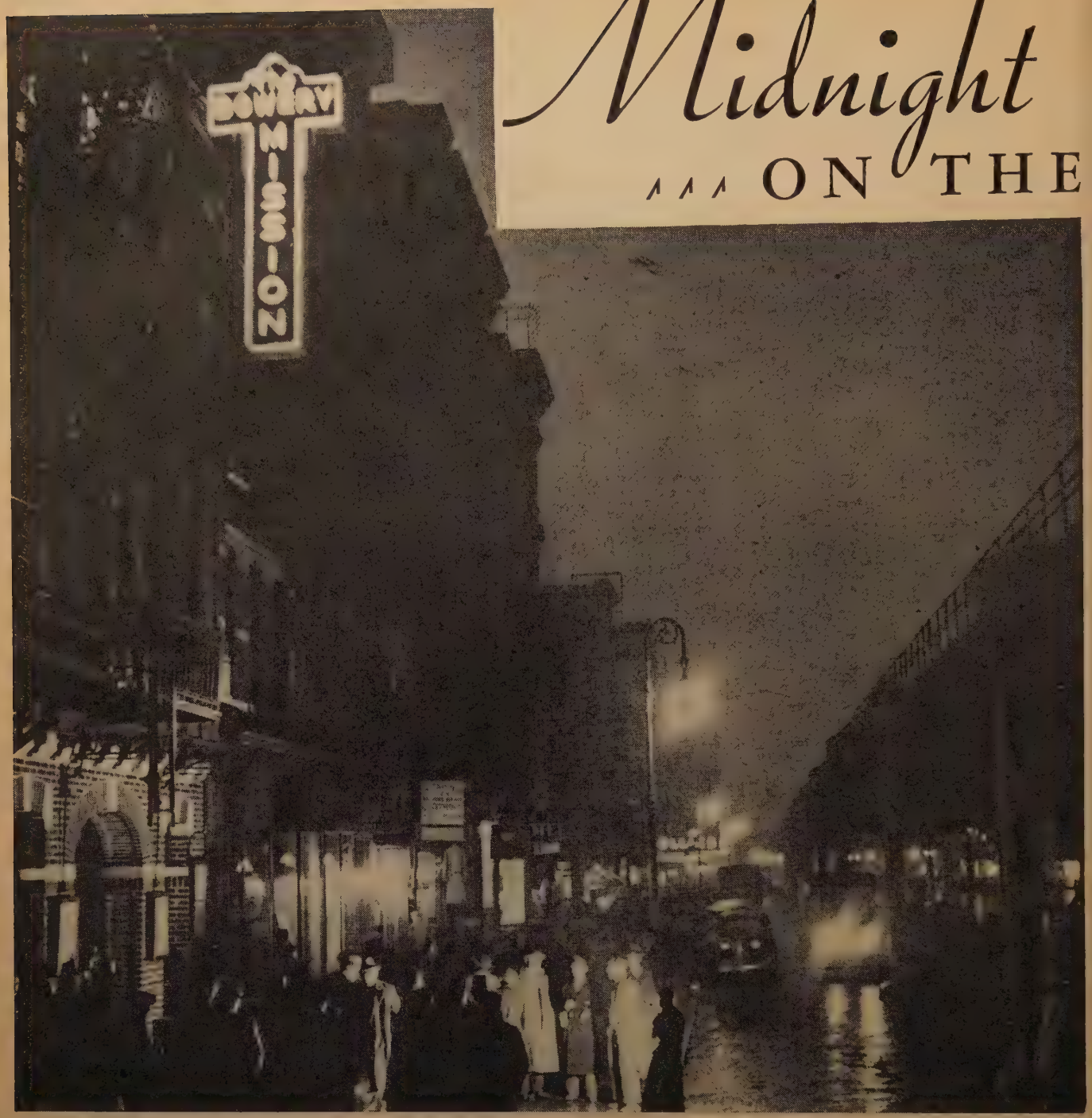
When he had worked seven years for Rachel, Jacob served another seven years to win Leah, and both were his wives. Leah bore children unto Jacob, and Rachel, who was childless, envied her sister.

At last Rachel also bore him a son, Joseph. Jacob now wished to have his own household. Then Laban agreed to let Jacob take all cattle that were streaked or spotted and all sheep that were brown.

Jacob prospered and his herds and flocks increased. Then Jacob told his wives, Rachel and Leah, that the angel of God had told him to return to the land of Canaan, and they agreed to go. So Jacob set his sons and his wives upon asses and with all his cattle and goods set out to go to his father Isaac.

Then, after Jacob had made sacrifices on an altar, Laban tarried all night in his camp; and in the morning Laban said farewell to Jacob, kissed his daughters Leah and Rachel, and returned home.

Midnight ... ON THE



By SPENCER DURYEE

A PHANTOM bugler blows taps on the Bowery at midnight. Lights go out. Traffic dies. The long parade of shuffling down-and-outers melts away into flop-houses and cheap hotels and draughty little alleys. The missions close, their day's job done, their floors covered with the night's assortment of the homeless. An L train rattles overhead, and Patrolman O'Rourke stands under an arc light, twirling his club. Peace settles over The Street, a peace that moans and tosses in its fitful, dirty sleep.

As the last of the lights go down in the last of the rowdy saloons, the stupefied drunks who have been sleeping off their liquor are thrown out into the street. They've spent their last dime, so they're of no further use to the saloon. Out they come. The cop on the corner, muttering, goes to work, slapping the soles of their shoes with his night stick, jerking them up on their feet. "Come on. On yer way, now." They blink at him, whack their dirty caps against their ragged knees, and shuffle off into the night.

On yer way, now. But where? Where can he go now? He hasn't fifteen cents for a spot on the floor of a flop-house. Every inch of every alley has been spoken for and there's a human derelict sleeping over every hot-air vent from Houston Street to The Battery. If he tries a dark doorway, he comes flying out again; there's already someone there. If he drops into the gutter, the cop gets him. He can't sleep standing up. So he curses, turns up his collar against the night wind, and walks it out until the dawn. He "hits the street." And every street in New York ends in a river. And the river. . . .

He finds The Bowery not entirely deserted. He meets the lush-diver, that human vulture who swoops out of the dark spots with a blackjack or a club to knock him to the ground, tear off his coat and shoes to sell in the "bum's market" next day. He meets the young fellows who have just come, who don't yet know the ropes; that's why they've been caught out after taps. He meets middle-aged men, once respectable doctors, lawyers, business men who have come there *only since Repeal*, who are also Bowery greenhorns.

There are not many of them: a hundred, two hundred. They are the bottom layer of the human scrap heap, despised even by their fellow-despised, the fellows who have come to the end of the road and fallen off. And in this city of six million, in the nation of one hundred and twenty million, there is not a single hand stretched out to

BOWERY

help them. Not one mat with "Welcome" on it.

That is, until this winter there was not a single hand. Tonight there is. Tonight, if you were to go down to the Bowery as the clock strikes twelve, you'd find a pinpoint of light about in the middle of the fifteen-block Parade Ground of The Lost, a Neon sign over the sidewalk in the form of a Cross, riding high from a second story window. The sign reads: "Bowery Mission." And under it, eye-level to a drunk, is another: "Midnight Service Now Going On. Come As You Are."

Now this midnight service is either the craziest or the most courageous religious service in the world. It took a brave man to think of it, a braver man to actually try it. Drunks in church (and "Come As You Are" means "Come Drunk As You Are") are preacher's nightmares; there's nothing you can do with them or the service, once they get started. To invite in a whole congregation of cruising midnight drunks was, to our mind, to invite in plain and fancy disaster. We went down there, midnight-before-last, to see if it really could be done.

We walked in under the Neon cross, stepped over an old alcoholic who had fallen on the steps, into a gem of a chapel that certainly got lost looking for a cathedral uptown. The sharp, pungent aroma of coffee assailed us; a husky man asked, "Want it black, buddy?" He held out a steaming tin cupful of Maxwell House; then he saw that I had a clean shirt and a clear head, and he apologized.

"Sorry, sir. Thought you was just one of the boys. They all get coffee first. Kind o' straightens them up."

That was the prelude on the order of worship: coffee. We walked down the aisle. Thirty or forty were scattered around the pews, in every posture and condition known to man. Feet protruded into the aisle; heads or arms hung over pew-ends. From an organ loft came a hymn, painfully sweet, like a mellow golden moon over a deserted battlefield. Battlefield is the word; these men were wounded, broken, nerveless, nearly dead.

A snore, deep, sonorous, challenged the organ and the hymn; it met sudden death as the snorer's head fell with a thud against the wall. He rubbed a grimy hand across his bloodshot eyes and grinned sheepishly at the broad-shouldered man leading the singing of the hymn.

The broad-shouldered one never even looked at him; St. John, Superintendent of the Mission, takes such things in his stride. He's been holding services on the Bowery for years, and nary a one has he had without its drunk. He accepts them as part of the picture, as a preacher accepts ushers and the choir.

He actually had them singing the hymn; we were amazed at the quality and quantity of the song. They started and they stayed together; they were so loud that the roof-beams trembled; they were better than many a respectable church congregation. But they didn't finish together. One little man in tortoise-shell glasses was in the middle of the third verse when the rest were on the last Amen; he finished it, bravely solo, and then started the fourth verse. St. John went down to him, touched his shoulder, shook him. He might as well have tried to stop the Twentieth Century Limited, and he knew it.

He called: "Jerry!"

Jerry came. Jerry is handy with drunks; he has the arms of a stevedore and the shoulders of a professional wrestler. He picked up the eyeglassed one like a baby, and disappeared down a flight of basement stairs. St. John said to me as he went back to the pulpit: "He'll feel better after his shower."

Item No. 2 on the program: a shower bath for the worst of them. Hot water first, tapering off with cold. Then a cup of coffee, and back upstairs, or to bed. There were seven showers during the service.

We held our breath when St. John announced that they'd pray. This would never work. But it did. Sunk, sodden and bewildered as they were, these men were as quiet and reverent as sober men at a funeral. Some of them watched with one eye open, warily, lest sleep overpower them. The prayer was mercifully, intelligently short. Then came the talk.

A talk, not a sermon. It had no outline, no text, no "firstly, secondly, thirdly;" a teacher of public speaking or preaching would have fainted under it. Let them faint. They don't count here. The men in those pews were all that counted, and nobody fainted there. They listened. They cringed. They wept. They heard what they needed to hear.

No preacher anywhere ever hauled his listeners over the coals as St. John hauled his "boys," no loving shepherd ever so belabored his sheep. He moved among them like a scourge; he denounced a big bully so fiercely that we thought surely the fellow would leap up and strike him, but he didn't. St. John has the reputation of a strong man on The Street; men get out of his way when he's mad.

He took a little fellow by the lapels of his coat: "How old are you, son?"

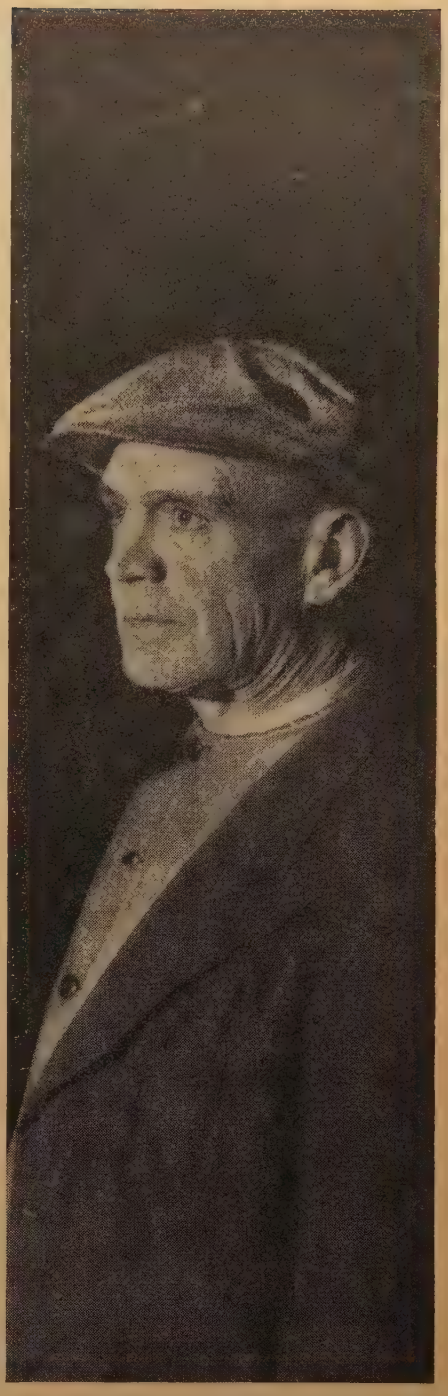
"Seventeen. What of it?"

"This much of it, Seventeen. You're going to sit here nice and quiet, and tomorrow you and I are going to have a little talk. Savvy?"

"Yeah. Savvy."

He strolled, talking temperance. Not a goody-goody sort of temperance. It was blunt, rough, brutal, Boweryish, so they could understand. He mentioned the places where they got their twenty-five cent whiskey and their fifteen cent "smoke": The Dutchman's, The Rabbi's, the "Elite Bar". He talked about the alleys they slept in, made them so real that they shivered in retrospect, feeling for the icy pavement that wasn't there. He mentioned homes, mothers, sunny fields they'd known as boys, games they'd played as kids. . . .

"And now look at you. What's happened to you? You might have been men, and now there isn't a nickel's worth of manhood in all of you. Some night you'll end up in the river, or on a cot in Bellevue Hospital, with the D T's. You've had



the D T's, haven't you? Remember them? Remember how. . . ."

Someone sobbed. Somebody near us moaned, "Why can't he shut up? That's just like stickin' a knife in us." And one man got to his feet and started a speech of his own:

"We got personal liberty, ain't we? We can do what we want with our own lives, can't we? What business is it of yours?"

"It's my business when I have to put food in your mouth and clothes on your back," came the sharp answer. "And I've been doing that for you for six months, Pete."

The orator paused; he frowned. He reeled at the next shot: "Personal liberty, Pete? Man, your personal liberty sure has made a mess out of you." The crowd laughed and the orator sat down, after offering to fight them all, individually or collectively.

(Continued on page 50)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

PRIVATE PROFIT—TAKE IT OUT!

Strategy for Dry Unity

REPEAL, by the test of what its proponents promised and in actual operation, is an unmitigated failure. It has not balanced the budget; it has not solved the problem of unemployment; it has not stopped bootlegging and illicit sale; it has not checked the flood of lawlessness nor prevented the return of the 'saloon".

Disregarding the claims of those who vigorously opposed repeal, there is pretty general agreement that it has contributed directly to juvenile delinquency, made increasingly difficult the discovery of illegal manufacture and distribution, added greatly to the dangers of travel on highways and seriously increased automobile accidents and arrests for drunkenness.

Repeal has created a new social problem by opening public drinking places to and crowding them with women. Repeal has developed to proportions never before known the threat of liquor control over publicity channels and public journals. Repeal has turned tens of thousands of American girls into public barmaids, and—in spite of the solemn pledge of the President of the United States that *"by no possibility, at any time or under any conditions, at any place, or under any circumstances, shall that institution the saloon or its equivalent be allowed to return to American life"*—has opened more than five hundred thousand places of liquor sale. Of these latter, the feature articles of metropolitan dailies justify the conclusion that thousands are immeasurably worse than the saloon of pre-Prohibition days.

CERTAINLY no one is satisfied with Repeal. Definitely the opposition has grown, but clearly this opposition has thus far discovered no common ground upon which to unite. The country is divided into five camps. *First:* those who have a gainful interest in the present system of private ownership of liquor. *Second:* those who advocate some form of government ownership or public administration of liquor. *Third:* those who believe in political action under local option or state option. *Fourth:* those who cling still to the hope of national constitutional Prohibition. And *Fifth:* a small but dynamic group holding steadfastly the conviction that the eventual solution of the liquor problem lies with the political party unequivocally committed to the destruction of the liquor traffic and to the enforcement of all anti-liquor legislation. Within these groups are those who, with varying degrees of earnestness, insist upon "education for Temperance", emphasizing the fact that for any legislative program to become effective, to escape the eventual fate of the Eighteenth Amendment, there must be an aroused, informed and constant public opinion.

Our concern here is not primarily with a particular viewpoint. At the moment we are not interested in supporting any one of the above programs. Certainly, we are irrevocably committed against the first. Certainly, too, we shall continue to assist programs of Temperance education and particularly that program of youth education, organization and leadership sponsored by Allied Youth. But specifically we raise the question, *"Can unity be achieved among all who oppose the liquor traffic for private profit?"* Can those who believe that the next step is "the Rockefeller plan", or some other plan of public ownership and control, find common ground with local optionists, state optionists, national Prohibitionists, party Prohibitionists, and all others who are convinced that Repeal is a tragic disappointment and failure?

Without compromising individual and organizational viewpoints, without prejudice to particular proposals, is it possible for those American citizens disgusted with Repeal and roused to its growing menace —this overwhelming majority of all our citizens—to find common ground and go the length of their common agreement?

IN THIS principle of unity was the successful strategy of the repealist. So long as his strength remained divided between opposing ideas and programs, the Eighteenth Amendment was secure. It was when he said, "Repeal is first; we refuse to be diverted by any demand that we present now a constructive plan for whatever situation or even catastrophe that may follow;" it was when the repealist stood steadfastly upon his platform of a single plank, "get it out of the Constitution first," that he solidified his strength and moved directly to his goal. In Repeal, and nowhere else, was his unity. In unity was his triumph.

To be sure the formula that achieved Repeal brought social and legislative pandemonium to America. There are now as many formulas for liquor control—not one of which satisfies a single social group—as there are states. In many states there are as many plans as there are counties, and nearly as many conflicting laws as there are places of sale.

But for the moment we are not concerned with these failures. Our concern is with Repeal itself and with the genius that made it possible. Can those who opposed Repeal learn its psychology, capture the inspiration of its success and destroy it with its own weapon?

We believe that here the answer is "Yes." We believe that under Repeal private profit is socially, economically and morally the supreme curse of the liquor traffic. Private profit subsidizes propaganda. Private profit stimulates sales. Private profit inspires methods that capitalize the social instinct to corrupt life at the fountainhead of motherhood and in the soul of adventuring youth. Private profit, with its advertising, buys the silence or support of public journals. Private profit captures and corrupts government.

Private profit—take it out! Here is the common ground, the platform of agreement upon which all individuals and every group disillusioned by Repeal and opposed to the existing liquor traffic, may unite. On this platform with its single plank and without prejudice to individual convictions, particular solutions, and any ultimate answer to the question, "What next?" all who deprecate Repeal may go together to achieve the common objective. Upon this platform with its single plank, all may unite to end private profit, even as repealists united to overthrow Prohibition.

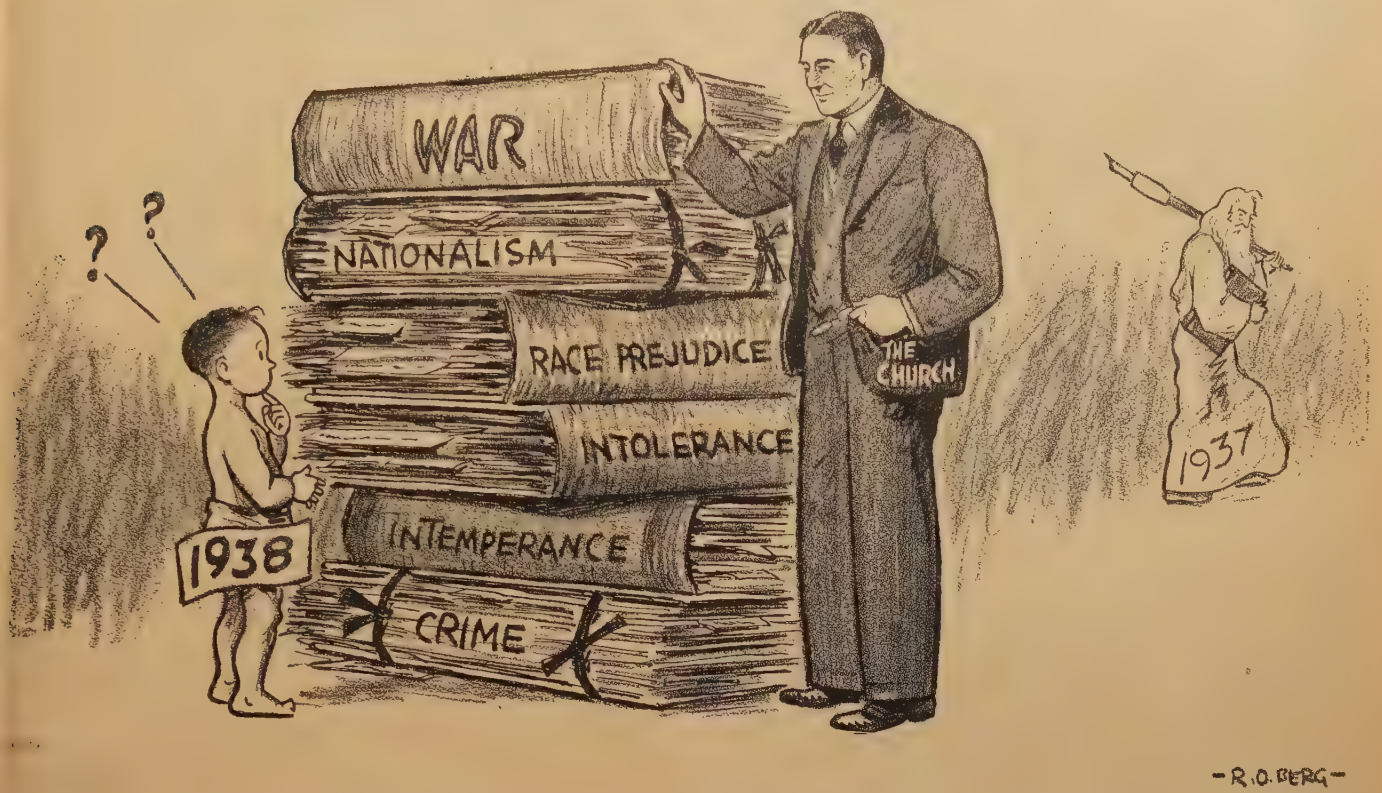
Private profit—take it out! This is first. Private profit—take it out! Here is the slogan and plan.

Private profit—take it out!

DANIEL A. POLING.

With A Pencil Stub

PERFECT Christmas weather—softly falling snow all day, blotting out the gray landscape; then at sundown a clear sharp wind cutting out of the Northwest.



"HERE'S WHAT THE OLD FELLOW LEFT FOR US TO WORK ON"

Ghostly cloud wraiths scudding before it, leaving the stars of Christmas Eve seemingly very near.

Saw a load of Christmas trees being trucked into the city; thought how long it takes to grow a tree and wondered if it was worth while to slaughter so many trees, to show the spirit of "good will." I'd hate to see trees I've planted taken to the city and tied to a lamp post. Henry says maybe they're taken out here and there to give the ones left a better chance. Maybe—but having loved the North Country, it always makes me a bit sad to see the trees so far from their home and down in the smoke and grime of the city—wanderers stranded in a strange land, and soon to be discarded on some dump heap—a depressing sight.

Remember when we used to make our Christmas snow ice cream; it was fun to skim a pan of milk and put the cream in the big yellow bowl then pop in an egg or two; and after a session with the egg beater and a period of deciding on lemon or "vanilly," the snow was stirred in and then, with a piece of chocolate cake and a heaping bowl of "ice cream" our happiness was complete. Always seems to me that certain odors go with certain holidays; through all my memory of Christmases past there lingers the fragrance of popcorn, freshly popped. Never makes me think of Saturday night or a circus—just Christmas; maybe because we made so much of it and strung countless yards for "the tree." Inseparable trio—pine, popcorn, candle-wax.

Looking out over the peaceful, snow-covered countryside, I thought of the milling, rushing crowds in the city's streets with the blackened snow slush and grime; and I hoped the true spirit of Christmas didn't get buried in glittering merchandise.

Made a big wreath of pine and trimmed it with cones and bitter-sweet and tangerines and hung it over the fireplace; flanked by tall red candles in old pewter holders, it was as beautiful a decoration as one might ask for. Strange how the wrappings and trappings on a gift are sometimes more expensive than the gift itself; many a package in its plain brown paper wrapper and common binding of twine, holds quite as sincere a wish as does the gayest one (like people). Still I'd like to get a dozen American Beauty roses with stems four feet long, all tied up with real satin ribbon, just *once*, to see how it would seem, even though I need a new pair of bedroom slippers more.

On Christmas Eve, I sort of like to take the lantern and go down to the barn and look at the creatures all so snug and peaceful. When I open the door, there's the smell of hay and the breath of the animals. They look at me with eyes wide and here and there down the stanchion rows a cow gets to her feet, reproachful at being so untimely awakened. The sheep are cozily snug near their clover-filled racks. On the way to the house I even glance into the hen house, where the chickens blink and peer at the lights and make inarticulate murmurings; perhaps they join me in saying like Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

"Country Contrib."

Sir, We Would See Jesus

I AM told that on the wall behind the pulpit in a church where the Sunday evening service has been allowed to die are these words: "I *will* believe nothing that cannot be demonstrated through my senses and verified by my reason."

The man who wrote that may be highly educated and brilliant with natural endowments, but there is little sense and less reason in what he wrote. Whenever did he put his mother's love into a test tube or reduce his friend's glad shout of recognition to a laboratory demonstration? He deserves to have a dark church on Sunday night, for surely here is no lamp to lighten it. Indeed, why should that church, or any other of its spiritual darkness, be open at all?

There are men who are less than blind leaders of the blind for they have no dynamic that inspires the people to follow them. Rather they are as those who, having eyes, see not, and they are dumb with the vast silence of unconviction. In a generation that cries, "Sir, we would see Jesus!" they may have discovered a spiritual vacuum but without learning its law.

The emptiness of a church will become a congregation when it takes the first motto from before the eyes of the people and writes the importunate words of the Greeks where Russell Conwell wrote them—behind the pulpit for the eyes of the preacher alone—"Sir, we would see Jesus!"

D. A. P.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS, WE HAVE FINISHED WITH THE OLD YEAR. WHAT OF THE NEW?

WE FINISH TO BEGIN

A New Year's Sermon by

DANIEL A. POLING

"WE FINISH to begin." Always we stand in an exit and at an entrance. Forever one year is behind us; another is before us.

"We finish to begin," but what does it mean? The blotters in the various police courts of the great cities show the record of crimes committed by outlaws who prey upon their fellows; the morning press records deeds of violence perpetrated upon society by evil-doers who finish one year of sin but to begin another. And, as the thug upon his way to robbery and murder heard the bells chime the New Year, his actions spoke louder than words, "I finish to begin."

The laboring man who skimps his work, who gives less than an honest day for his wage, who talks about society as owing him something when he is in reality earning little or nothing, who in thinking and acting for himself forgets or despises the general public, which has been long-suffering, but which has suffered too long already, finishes only to begin. Will this slacker worker continue to misrepresent the great body of his fellows, prejudicing their honest cause, robbing them of the sympathy they need and should have? Will he continue to play into the hands of those he seeks to destroy, not only rendering hopeless his own ill-advised programme, but thwarting the purpose of the wise and patriotic leaders who seek to safeguard the rights of the toiler and to win for him a larger place in the industrial and social order? He has finished and he will begin, but has he finished to *begin?*

The employer who turned grimly from the war, saying, "Now that we have won, we must quickly get back to business as usual;" the employer who failed to realize that things would never again be as they had been, who was surprised and indignant because foreign-born peoples who had been called "Americans All!" when disaster was threatening the Allies, resented in bitterness being treated like "hunkies and Polacks and dagoes" after the armistice was signed, who refused conferences, who denied collective bargaining, who shut the door in the face of chosen representatives of his workers, who employed under-cover men—spies, who found an ever-ready weapon in the lie, and who did not stop at murder,—this employer has finished, too.

What is in these minds as they face the future? Has the worker, has the employer, an open mind and a new heart? They have finished, and they will begin; but have they finished to begin?

There are business men who during the financial stress and strain of the immediate past drifted out of the lives of their sons and daughters. Foolish indeed should I be carelessly to censure them. They may have faced the specter of financial disaster and gone to death-grips with bankruptcy. Not all of them by any means have made a deliberate choice between honor and business. Nor have all of them been carried away by the passion for success as measured by gold. But what they have lost, not all the gold of Midas could restore; and what their children are losing, no accountant will ever be able to compute.

One afternoon while fishing in a small tributary of the Siletz River in the Pacific Northwest, I came upon a jam of driftwood that partially dammed the mouth of a yet smaller creek that rushed down a canyon of the Coast Mountains. Among the logs and branches I found several fine specimens of fresh beaver cuts, and hoping to discover a beaver colony not far away, I unjointed my rod, cached my pack, and followed up the ravine. The beavers were more distant than I expected; indeed, I never reached them, but I did find something vastly more interesting. Where the canyon widened into a tiny valley, I came upon a cabin. The great firs had been cut away, and the log house with its sheds and barn was set in the middle of a two-acre clearing.

Now there were many cabins in those mountains, the cabins of timber-cruisers and of men and women who were proving up on timber claims. But the fruit trees and garden and tiny flower-yard, and the morning-glories climbing over a trellis, placed this "wee hoose" in a class by itself. A man was hoeing corn in the field, and a bareheaded little girl was following behind him. We greeted each other and talked for an hour. We had not spoken two words, indeed, he had not passed beyond the smile of welcome, until I knew him for what he was—an educated and a cultured gentleman. An older girl, nine, perhaps, joined us while we talked. Mentally I commented upon the absence of the mother.

We discussed politics,—it was August, 1900, the year of McKinley's reelection. I found him thoroughly acquainted with the issues of the campaign. He knew the beavers, too, and took me into one of the most attractive living rooms I have ever seen, to look at the skins he had gathered, skins of muskrats and lynx as well as of beaver. There was a "baby organ" in one corner of the room; music and books—good books, magazines, and pictures were everywhere. One of the pictures, I remember, was Hoffmann's "Boy Christ;" another was "The Landing of the Pilgrims;" and over the mantel hung an exquisite painting of a young and beautiful woman. We talked for an hour, and then I hurried away. He had not spoken of himself, and of course I had not asked any personal questions; but later I learned his story.

He was a suc- *(Continued on page 55)*

Courtesy Rockefeller Center

The forty-one story International Building in Rockefeller Center, New York, on the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth floors of which the Book Fair was held

What to Read in 1938

Our Book Editor, having attended the Book Fair, tells about it, and about some of the new books he saw there

By Albert Linn Lawson

NEARLY ninety thousand people attended the great Annual Book Fair in Rockefeller Center, New York City, sponsored by the New York *Times* and the Association of American Book Publishers. The Fair lasted only two days more than two weeks, so the attendance averaged nearly six thousand a day. That so many people were willing to pay thirty-five cents admission to look at Book Exhibits seems remarkable; moreover, it is remarkable.

Of course there were many other things to see besides merely the booths of the publishers, where the season's newest and most successful books were displayed. For example, there was a complete book-making plant, showing all the processes of making a book, from setting the type on the Monotype machines, through the printing on a fast, ultra-modern special book-printing press, on through the folding, stitching, the stamping of the binding, to the final process of actually binding and finishing the book. The room was constantly crowded.

Then there were the special exhibits, such as the actual pages showing the development of printing from Gutenberg on to the present; another showing the way a manuscript gets itself accepted, edited and made ready for the printer, including a specimen of the mangled remains left by a hard-boiled copy-reader; another, by a famous long-established publishing house, showing actual first pages of the manuscripts of books which afterward became best sellers, such as novels by Bess Streeter Aldrich, Edith Wharton, Harold Bell Wright, and many others. It gave the spectator a feeling of awe to gaze upon the actual page, as written by his favorite author, of the book which he had mentally classed as something almost supernatural.

All the publishers had booths, and crowds surrounded them all the time. In addition, there was an exhibit of rare books, including the Gutenberg Bible; a Hobby Room, an absorbing collection of hundreds of books on hunting, fishing, gardening, and what not; an informative exhibit showing how New York's public libraries serve readers; a model Home Library—an attractive and beautifully furnished room designed especially for the Fair; a Children's Book Room, with tables and kindergarten chairs—packed all the time with delighted youngsters; a Modern Book Shop, very large and complete; a Reading Clinic, an Exhibit of Graphic Arts, and many other features.

But perhaps the greatest attraction of all was the Auditorium, where more than one hundred of the country's best-known authors were heard in a lively discussion of literary topics of the day. Some of them had stage fright badly, some were awkward and hesitant, some were excellent speakers—but all had something worth while to say, and said it. To hear Pearl Buck, Gladys Hasty Carroll, John Erskine, Christopher Morley, "Bud" Kelland, Gelett Burgess, Harry Hansen, Lowell Thomas, Vera Brittain, Ralph W. Sockman, Robert Frost, and scores of the other great and near great was a treat which of itself would have drawn large crowds.

I wish all of you could have seen and heard, as I did. But since you couldn't, I'll try to tell you about some of the books I saw there which I am sure you would like.

Dr. Sheldon's Books

One of the exhibits at the Book Fair was a list of the best-selling books for the past forty years. Novels and non-fiction there were, in plenty; but, strangely, the best-selling book of all was not there. I mean Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's *In His Steps*. The history of that wonderful little book is one of the strangest phenomena the publishing world has ever known. Owing to some defect in the copyright, a large number of publishers seized on the book and issued it in huge editions, but Dr. Sheldon received not one cent from any of them. Hundreds of thousands were sold in Australia—but when Dr. Sheldon was in Melbourne, he had to buy a copy to bring home for a souvenir. It is still sold, in steady quantities, all over the world. One New York firm, however, has acted fairly with the author. Grosset and Dunlap issue *In His Steps* in two editions; the regular, clothbound book, at fifty cents, and the gift edition, beautifully bound in dark blue leatherette, at one dollar. This firm, although not compelled to, has paid Dr. Sheldon royalties on all the copies they have sold, and continue to do so. So we recommend to our readers that when they order a copy, they specify the Grosset and Dunlap edition.

Walter H. Baker & Co., of Boston, well-known producers of plays especially adapted for amateur production, have just brought out a dramatization of parts of Dr. Sheldon's *He Is Here*, which was published by Harper. The title of the play is *Thine Shall Be the Glory*, and the dramatizer is Mary Bennett Harrison. This will be an excellent play for church or Sunday School dramatic clubs. The price is thirty-five cents. Orders should be sent to Walter H. Baker & Co., direct. Their address is 178 Tremont street, Boston, or 448 So. Hill street, Los Angeles.

A letter from Dr. Sheldon states that the play is simple in construction and easily presented, and he hopes it will receive a warm welcome in church circles.

These Sermons Sent Their Author to Jail

From Willett Clark & Co., we have received *Here Stand I*, by Martin Niemöller ($2.00). These are the sermons that caused Pastor Niemöller to be jailed by the Nazi government in Germany. Incidentally he is still in jail, and has made no apology or *(Continued on page 56)*

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

January, 1938

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1

HAIL AND FAREWELL

AS YESTERDAY.
READ PSALM 90.

HORROR and disaster and uncertainty and fear have marked the year that is gone. Civilization has been sorely stricken. The hearts of even the brave have failed them. Well may we call 1937 the world's problem year.

Now we welcome 1938. We know not what it may bring—except new and greater opportunities for stout spirits to achieve man's nobler destiny. Whatever befalls, there will be a challenge to live more serenely, in possession of our souls; and to serve our generation more manfully and brotherly. This is no year for either drifters or defeatists.

Best of all, 1938 is reserving its best prizes for faith: for those whose secret springs are all in God. "Why art thou cast down, O my Soul? Hope thou in God."

O Infinite Creator of eternity, Who art also the Father of every soul that trusts Thee, we would commit ourselves wholly to Thee; for our times are in Thy hands. Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2

UNBELIEVABLE BREAD

I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE.
READ JOHN 6:24-35.

AFTER belt-tightening experiences in Georgia and Azerbaijan and Armenia, during the War, I traversed the famous Georgian Pass through the Caucasus to Vladikavkas, in Russia proper. And there, wonder of wonders, I found white bread in abundance; so plentiful that it was even displayed in the bakers' windows. I used to stand and stare at it, as something unbelievable.

From the hunger of the world, subsisting on husks that do not satisfy, to the sweet and wholesome bread of the religious life, is only a short journey. Nobody need go hungry in his soul, for the Bread of Life is ever near, and freely offered. Then why should anyone continue to live on the starvation side of the mountains?

Feed us, and we shall be fed, O Thou who art the Living Bread. In a time of spiritual famine, we would feast our spirits upon Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3

BY CONTRAST

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.
READ I JOHN 3:1-11.

SO FULL are the newspapers of divorces that the New York *Times* thought it newsworthy to report the case of nonagenarians in Ontario who had been married for seventy-four years. They have a "boy" seventy-three years old in the United States. The *Times* sent a reporter to interview the old couple.

Said the wife, "He's been a good and kind husband. I wish every woman could get as good a man as I did."

That news item is more representative of the life of our time than any divorce court report. While divorce is unquestionably an evil, and doubtless there is too much of it in the United States, yet sensationalism should not turn us aside from a recognition of the truth that most husbands and wives are happily married; and that the average Christian home is still the highest achievement of civilization.

We thank Thee, O Lord of Life and love, for all the true and loyal and loving hearts and homes that enrich our land; having learned love's lessons from Thee, Incarnate Love. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4

A FRIEND'S FRIENDS

YE ARE MY FRIENDS.
READ JOHN 15:9-17.

THIS morning has been largely occupied with correspondence concerning a friend traveling to an unknown part of the country. So I have been enlisting the cooperation of friends along the way.

For a friend is one who does for you what you cannot do yourself. He is life's supplement. His strength is yours; your strength is his. Without a friend, existence would be almost futile.

There is one Friend who is the Great Indispensable, as comrade, counselor and co-laborer. Jesus puts all of His resources at the command of those whom He calls friends.

Dear Companion of our hearts, we pray Thee, O Christ, to make us better friends of Thee, closer, more trustful and daily dependent. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5

HE MADE THE TRIP

WRITE THIS, . . . IN A BOOK.
READ EXO. 17:8-16.

MODERNIST theories concerning the late date of the Pentateuch leave me cold. For I have traveled over the entire geographical background of the Exodus story; and I know that the man who wrote the narrative made the trip. Countless touches betray the eyewitness. Only a contemporary of the events described, and a participant in them, could have achieved such verisimilitude.

In an era of vagueness and looseness in religious thinking, it is heartening to our faith to know that the Bible is a place-book and a fact-book. Archaeology is rising up out of the ground to attest its historical and geographical fidelity. At the mouth of many and unexpected new witnesses the truth of God's word is being established.

Deliver our times and our youth, Almighty Father, from the tyranny of arrogant human speculation; and inspire us to walk steadily in the light of Thy word. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6

"TEARFUL CHIDINGS"

GOOD TIDINGS.
READ LUKE 2:8-20.

HIS tongue twisted, a preacher who meant to say that the Gospel is cheerful tidings, declared it to be "tearful chidings."

Well, he was more up to date than he knew. By a monstrous perversion the Good News is often turned into scoldings and fault-findings. Criticism of the world, and of brethren who do not conform to our peculiarities, makes up a large part of so-called Christian teaching and preaching.

Nobody was ever criticized into the Kingdom. Many have been kept out by the censoriousness of sour saints. But the "glad tidings of great joy," which is the Gospel, has won all of the Kingdom's triumphs.

So, when tempted to find fault with those who are not of our way, let us instead recall and repeat the Cheerful Tidings.

Deliver us, good Master, from the sin of misrepresenting Thy glad Gospel by

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

ur personal pettiness and by our fail-e to transmit the joy of the Lord. men.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7

FROM FOUR ANGLES

RAILING FOR RAILING.
READ I PET. 3:8-18.

A BRILLIANT friend, anent the publi-tion of my Sunday School Lesson in e *Washington Star*, writes me mock-gly about the lessons he thinks I should ach to Washington! He gleefully ubs in," with Scriptural allusions, the essages he wants spoken.

Of course, it is all in a spirit of fun; ut after I have read the letter, and re-ad it to Milady, I find myself ponder-g this major problem of the strong eling that divides so many Americans. Why this intense antagonism toward ose who differ from us? Where is our pirit of tolerance and patience and good ill? We need to con the old saying: In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, berty; in all things, charity."

Patient Father of us all, forgive our hildish ways; and teach us the maturity nd strength of patient good will and olerance toward all who differ from us. men.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8

THE CONSTANT NEWS

IF THE DEAD RISE NOT.
READ I COR. 15:12-26.

ONE classification of news is constant every issue of every newspaper—the eath notices.

This awesome certainty of death is enerally accepted without thought; nough as a man grows older he is de-ressed by the increasing number of otes of condolence he must write. As ertain as sunrise is the daily toll of ves ended.

Without morbidness, everybody should ontemplate inevitable death. To some is a terror; to others only an entrance oon larger, fuller existence and serv-e. As Spurgeon said, "Death is the ate to life."

Whoever is ready for death, is ready or life; for then fear is gone. And the aviour's bequest was a conquest of this niversal and inevitable experience.

We are glad to be alive, O Father of fe; and we are glad that we shall one ay die, and that "this mortal shall put n immortality." Prepare us for life, repare us for death. Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9

ARITHMETIC SET TO MUSIC

SING . . . YE SAINTS.
READ PSALM 30.

AS WE drove home with the grand-ildren the other day, Deborah, who has egun school, sang for us her new learn-g in arithmetic. Clever modern teach-rs have set to music the old tables with which we all struggled. By this method, a child makes remarkable progress.

All our tasks would be lightened could we but set them to music. A singing heart eases burdens. To the tune, "Praise the Lord," we may go melodi-ously through the day.

"Alike at work or prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised."

Thy celestial servants, O King Eter-nal, serve Thee with ceaseless songs. We, too, would make music to Thy praise of all our life and labor. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10

ONE OF SATAN'S FRIENDS

BUILD ME AN HOUSE.
READ II SAM. 7:4-17.

MY POISED pen pauses, to decide whether to call him a heretic or a plain friend of Satan. I hasten to add that he is all unwittingly such; but he is never-theless an ally of the Evil One as an enemy of the worship of God.

I mean the man who plans the lighting for most Christian churches. He de-lights to place the lights alongside of, or directly behind, the preacher; so that the glare hinders both clear seeing and clear thinking. When he can, this architect or builder or committeeman, who is definite-ly aiding the adversary of souls, puts a clear window behind the pulpit.

In a popular vote, the "Eyes" would have it that the incorrect placing of lights in a church is a hindrance to wor-ship.

We are praying today, O Master Work-man, for an endowment of common sense in all that pertains to Thy house and worship. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11

THE OLDEST WILL

SHALL CLEAVE TO HIS WIFE.
READ MATT. 19:3-9.

BEFORE me lies a page of hen-tracks, a reproduction of the most ancient will ever discovered. It is written on papy-rus, in cursive Egyptian, and the date corresponds to 2548 B.C.—five hundred years before Abraham. The American University at Cairo has reproduced it, as a hint to will makers.

Those who think that the devotion of man to woman is a new development in society will be interested to know that the will of Uah leaves everything to his wife, with a guardian for his son. "As to my tomb, let me be buried in it with my wife alone."

Divinest of all the bequests of heaven to earth is the love of man and woman for each other, and of parents for chil-dren.

We thank Thee, O Eternal Father, for all the love that has enriched the ages. In the school of Christ, we would learn better how to love. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12

MEDICINE THAT KILLS

THERE IS DEATH IN THE POT.
READ II KINGS 4:38-41.

A THRILL of horror ran through the nation last Fall when it was found that a wonderful new medicine, wrongly com-pounded, was killing all the patients who were taking it. More than three-score persons died before the last bottle could be traced and recovered.

This medicine, marvelously potent in the hands of a competent physician, had been incorrectly prepared by a phar-maceutical house.

Somehow the tragedy suggests the prevalence of other remedies too freely offered for social and spiritual ills. What a welter of cults and philosophies and practices are promoted for the healing and pleasure of the race! Youth, in its eager ignorance, is grasping for every-thing new that offers a fresh sensation, little suspecting that "there is death in the pot."

Restrain us from heedlessness and folly, our Father; that we may find our real health only in the tested prescrip-tions of Thy word. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13

ON THE JUDGE'S BENCH

JUSTICE AND JUDGMENT.
READ PSALM 89:8-18.

JUST to be sitting on the bench along-side my old friend, the county judge, gave me a new attitude toward the case that was being tried, a trifling automo-bile accident. The cost of the procedure to the county far exceeded the damage to the cars. Yet justice itself is price-less. The court's elaborate efforts to as-certain the truth inspired a new and awe-some sense of the sanctity of right in a civilized community.

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" In the atmosphere of that courtroom, I had a fresh glimpse of the essential nature of God as a Judge. That belief has grown dim in modern con-sciousness. Yet Divine justice is the very groundwork of all other qualities; even love is founded on justice; and, in a higher conception, justice is an ex-pression of love.

Before Thee, O Eternal Judge of all mankind, we bow in awed humility; praying that we may be kept from sin. Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14

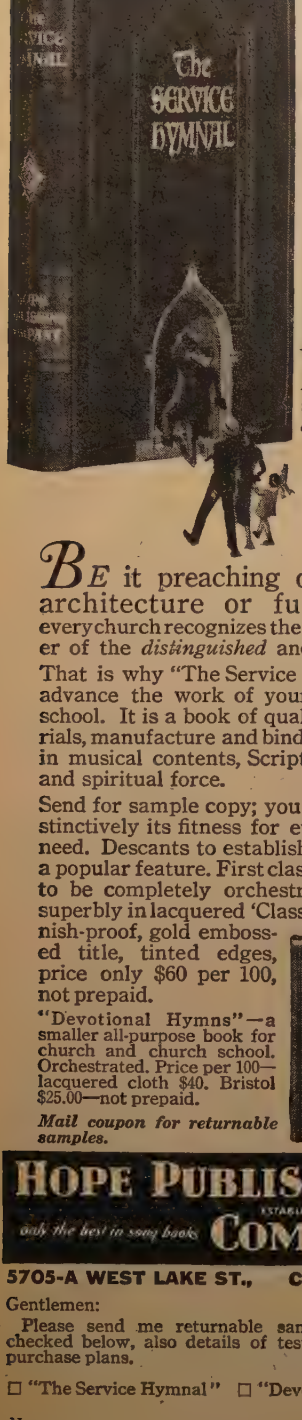
WHEN THE RED DOGS CAME

SEE YE NOT ALL THESE THINGS?
READ MATT. 24:1-14.

IN KIPLING'S Jungle Book there is a tale of the invasion of the jungle by the red dogs of the Dekkan and Mowgli sought advice of Kaa, the venerable python, who had seen so much of the

(Continued on page 62)

Quality Attracts!



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*Sup't.*_____ *Add.*_____

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(Continued from page 22)

for such sudden wakening. And far to the south, the vineyards of Spain ran red with blood and the latticed balconies where once the señoritas, blackeyed, lace-veiled, had smiled, were charred ruins. There were councils in the world's capitals where wise men tried to find a way to end war. Beyond, above, and everywhere, life moved with swift momentum. Only he sat by, on a church desk, waxing enthusiastic over locals. And yet—he spoke more to himself than Julie, figuring out something he did not understand.

"Men are fighting only to keep their homes happy and free, to give their children a chance, to protect the women they love. That's all, Julie. And that's what we are doing when we build decent living places. But Julie, isn't there some way, to stop war? To provide happiness? Oh. I've been reading the church news now. I see why the ministers preach about world brotherhood, and everlasting peace, and end of war and all the rest. But why don't they do something? Only—what *can* they do?"

Julie, waiting for him to continue, said nothing. Terry had been in the battle camps of the earth. He had raced up and down the firing lines. He had gathered color, and more color, for his stories. And now he had reached the crossroads when he must ask men why they had not paved the world with peace-ways. Terry was adding an inch or two to his stature.

"If these bozos—these ministers, I mean —have something to electrify the world, why don't they use it? Are they afraid that maybe it won't work?"

Julie spoke softly, slim hands folded in front of the crumpled rust-brown blouse. "Maybe the world won't listen, Terry. It crucifies its saviors, you know."

Terry's voice was clear and vibrant. "Julie, if I believed what they believe I wouldn't stop at anything!"

"No, Terry, I don't think you would."

Somewhere a clock began to strike. Out on the river there were sounds of foghorns, and above them the whistle of an ocean liner, as it swung towards the sea.

"Busy now?" Terry asked.

"No—but I need to change my dress and shoes. Why?" She felt the undercurrent of the city coming on in a medley of whistles and elevateds and taxicabs, and through it an odd humming of gladness for a good day's work done and someone with whom to talk and laugh. Ah, that was most important. You could brave any danger, board any ship, if there was someone to come back to. And yet Terry had said nothing that he would not have said to half a hundred other people. For one who had seen so much of life, watched the snapping of so many tangled threads in a pattern that snarled, she was being sweetly, foolishly, gloriously silly. "And liking it," she told herself.

"The First Tabernacle Church is having a congregational meeting tonight to discuss the new skyscraper. I'm going to report it. Could you stand to go in for some back-of-the-paper news for a change?"

For years, nearly one hundred of them, the First Tabernacle Church had occupied the site where its dignified old red edifice now stood. The original church had long been gone, but the second one had patterned it on a large scale. A great, lighted lantern hung over the entrance, and lamp posts stood in front of a grassy plot that surrounded it. The land was much too valuable to be idle. Every so often there had been a news feature explaining that the church had been willed that land by a wealthy old Dutchman, who had stipulated that the church building in which the congregation worshiped always must stand on that site, or the property would revert back to his estate. Now, at last, it had decided to utilize the land and yet preserve the terms of the bequest. A church would be included in the great business block.

The church meeting was in session when Julie and Terry entered. The minister was talking:

". . . and so this land, the most valuable building site left in our section of the city, will become the site of a great industrial building. In the heart of the building there will be a church, whose chimes will call out to the people who toil in the market place. . . ."

There was much more. The audience was told that the church could erect a far finer edifice, at a much reduced cost, through its business alliance than it could have, had it built a church as a single unit. There would be no costs for the sides, or the roof. Its novelty would make it an attraction, too. People would come from far and wide. The First Tabernacle Church Corporation, a business group, had been incorporated to handle this work in conjunction with the Acme Building Association, a new concern.

When the minister sat down, an elderly man arose. "I wasn't present to vote the morning the church decided on this—this nonsense! But I want to know who the motivating force is in this Acme Building Association. We're contributing toward the church. We're making our pledges. All right, why can't we have a church right on this spot without all this folderol?"

A board member arose.

"We couldn't raise enough money to begin to build the type of church we'll have by cooperating with the other people. Think of it—an auditorium seating two thousand, a gymnasium and swimming pool, kitchen and social rooms! If we don't do this, we'll get along with a mediocre church and this valuable land will be idle because no building save a church, can be erected on it.

The old man grunted and was on his feet instantly. "Remember when Christ accused the money changers of making a den of thieves out of his Father's House? Are you sure we won't put the rents too high? That we'll play fair? Anyway, what right do we have to combine business and religion?"

No one answered for a second. Julie, forgetting that this wasn't her church, heard herself talking. "But there were all sorts of merchants in the Temple yard at Jerusalem. That was all right. The men were cheating and charging too much interest—that's where they got in wrong."

Somebody was pulling her coat, and she sat down suddenly.

"Pretty good, Joan of Arc," Terry whispered, "but we can't take sides, my girl! We're only reporters, until we break a story. I smell one. Ready to go?"

It was nine o'clock. Terry looked up

(Continued on page 48)

"SPECIAL *care!*" *That's the watchword for babies in this modern day and age.*

SPECIAL *food! To give tots the vitamins they need!*

SPECIAL *soap and talcum powder! To protect their delicate skin!*

SPECIAL *dental care! To keep young teeth sound and straight.*

And a SPECIAL *laxative! To keep the tiny system safely up to par! Fletcher's Castoria.*

The better way to raise a baby today

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING . . . EVEN TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE
READ WHY MODERN YOUNGSTERS THRIVE!

TODAY . . . *it's old-fashioned to let a child "just grow."*

Today . . . a modern youngster gets special care from the minute he lets out his first impatient wail. He gets a *special* diet . . . *special* clothes . . . *special* talcum powder . . . *and even a special laxative.*

How logical! For if his system is too delicate for adult food, it is also too delicate for an "adult" laxative . . . even when given in "smaller doses."

That's why many doctors suggest FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Made especially for children, it has no harsh "adult" drugs. It won't upset the tiny stomach. And because Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for a child's needs, it won't gripe or cause cramping pains. Nor will it induce constipation as an after-effect. . . . *A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.*

And —IMPORTANT—Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children love it. You won't have to force them to take it.

Doctors tell us it's a good thing you don't. For forcing a child to take a nasty-tasting laxative can upset the entire nervous system.

More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Fletcher's Castoria. They always keep a bottle handy. Stay on the safe side, too, and get a bottle from your drug store today.

Ask for the Family Size bottle. It lasts longer—gives you more for your money—and is the convenient way to buy . . . *Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the red-bordered band around the box.*

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Church Affairs. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life

Chopped foods take a New Year's bow styled for the child of toddling age

Heinz offers this new vegetable soup, stout and sustaining

Six minutes time and this new Royal Butterscotch Pudding is ready to serve

NEW FOODS *for the* NEW YEAR

MATTER-OF-FACT folks tell us that January first is but an arbitrary date of the calendar makers, that a new year begins every day and that there can be no magic about this first day of the calendar making it especially favorable to good resolutions. But the truth remains that on New Year's Day "Resolve" is every woman's middle name.

We take inventory of ourselves and our budgets and our housekeeping. We are filled with a determination to start down the turnpike of regeneration, hitting on all six cylinders of virtue. We will improve our dispositions. We will live on what we have to spend. We will make our homes more gracious, our tables places of good cheer. Our menus are to be lifted high out of humdrum ruts. The list is long and so are the three hundred and sixty-four days that stretch ahead with their thousand and some odd meals to be planned. Anybody can start a new year right, the hard part is to keep it going.

To the aid of your better-meals resolution, we are listing some of the newest of the new foods that are available in stores throughout America and that promise not only good eating but that illusive element, flavor surprise. We have included these items in a shopping leaflet, giving the name of the product and the name of the manufacturer, which you may have for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Here's a Happy New Year and *"bon appetit"!*

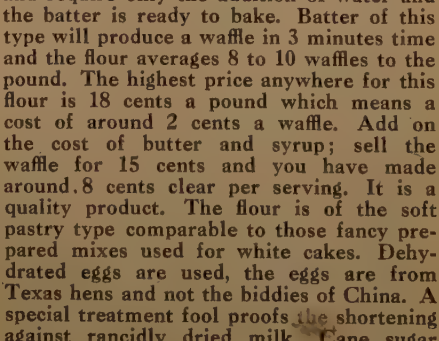
Beautiful Soup!

A soup that can be made a meal is the new bean soup with bacon. A true bean soup, rather thick even when dilute You can see the bacon in it and taste too. The flavor is reminiscent of th nutty goodness of baked beans with a insinuating tang of dark molasses. Tha overtone of bacon is a pleasant surpris substituting for and even stealing th honors from salt pork.

Another soup in the same line is th beef, a concentrated mixture of vegetabl and beef broth with barley. Plenty c chunks of beef in this that you kno simmered long hours with the vegetable inspiriting their juice with the rich essenc of the meat. Minced vegetables are in too. The third and newest soup of th same factory is a Scotch broth. Whe heated, as glowing as a Scotchman's plai One not so new is a mushroom, especiall provocative to appetite because of i decidedly woodsy mushroomy flavo Pureed mushrooms with cream, that the mixture—so thick it barely pours an such a coaxing color! Plenty of b mushroom pieces too.

Another manufacturer has many celeb rities in the soup world—around twenty five kinds in all, that run the gamut c soup creations from a home-spun chow der to the exotic delicacy of genuine tu tle. The newest of his collection is chick en with rice, a delicate broth, clear an sparkling. The rice is a special kin called patna, from Burmah, and chose after long experimenting with the assis ance of the Mellon Institute to find a ric that would hold up under intensive hea There is a little thinly sliced celery i the broth and generous bits of chicke meat.

Their corn chowder is running awa with the sales. *(Continued on page 54*



Money Making Waffle Suppers

You who are out to help your church make money might suggest a waffle supper made with a new prepared mix that can be ordered in 25, 50 or 100 pound drums.

All the ingredients are blended together and require only the addition of water and the batter is ready to bake. Batter of this type will produce a waffle in 3 minutes time and the flour averages 8 to 10 waffles to the pound. The highest price anywhere for this flour is 18 cents a pound which means a cost of around 2 cents a waffle. Add on the cost of butter and syrup; sell the waffle for 15 cents and you have made around 8 cents clear per serving. It is a quality product. The flour is of the soft pastry type comparable to those fancy prepared mixes used for white cakes. Dehydrated eggs are used, the eggs are from Texas hens and not the biddies of China. A special treatment fool proofs the shortening against rancidly dried milk. Cane sugar sweetens the mix and spices are there for subtlety of flavor. Our leaflet tells you how to order this mix; it is available no matter where you live.

(Continued from page 19)

he looked at the other. He knew as lain as if they had spoken, that they had one it for Jesus's sake.

He went away. He got new jobs, lecuring. But that look, gentle, shining, folowed him about. It went with him up n the platform. He'd find himself thinkng, when he ought to have been ranting gainst God, "Why did they do it? Is here anything in religion? It's the first ime anyone ever did anything for me for othing!"

He was thinking about that tonight vhen he saw the lighted window, and decided to come and find the God of these wo sisters.

I call this story, "Conversations in Heaven."

It was about four o'clock one morning vhen the telephone rang and a voice told ne old man Ebenezer Brown was slipping way . . . and would I come quick.

Well . . . old man Brown had always nade me think of Moses. Long white eard and hair, he had, and a noble brow. Almost eighty, he was. He'd outlived all is family, his wife and daughter. I lidn't think he'd be sorry to go. When got there I saw from what the doctor vas doing that old man Brown was slipping fast. He was reading now. Only he lidn't have any Bible. He'd gathered up he white counterpane into his hand like a ook.

"Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me," read ld man Brown. He turned a page on he counterpane . . . only there wasn't ny page. "In my Father's house are nany mansions. . . ."

Suddenly he stopped. He listened. Then he smiled and looked up. He looked ver to where the curtains were blowing vhitely. "Mother!" He held out his and. He was a little boy again. "Mother, s that you? I'll be there in just a few ninutes, dear."

He picked up the counterpane again. "'I go to prepare a place for you, that vhere I am' . . . why, Eloise!" (Eloise vas his daughter who had died two years before.) "How nice you look, honey. Is a party?"

The doctor moved over to the side of he bed and slipped a hypodermic into he old man's arm. There was a curious ook on his face. He muttered, "There's trange things happen, Reverend, when a ood man meets his God!" The smile eft Ebenezer's face when the medicine ot to working. He came back into the oom with us and saw me, sitting there by im. His voice was urgent. "Pray!" he aid. It was more than a command; it vas a prayer in itself. I slipped down on ny knees and began, "Our Father who rt in heaven. . . ."

But the old man did not hear me. Suddenly he sat straight up in bed and held ut his great arms. A shining came on is face. A great shining, triumphant oy. He said just one word.

There were tears on the Beloved Parson's cheeks. Clear, unashamed tears. The doctor said, 'We'll never get nearer he Great White Throne than we are tonight, Reverend!"

And then Ebenezer Brown continued his onversation . . . . in heaven.

THE END

Last Call!

for you to sail with Frank Mead on the

CHRISTIAN HERALD WINTER CRUISE

to THE MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND, EGYPT AND ALL AROUND THE WORLD

A few short weeks and the 1938 winter cruise to the Holy Land and the entire Mediterranean will sail from New York. Have you made your reservations yet? If not, there's still plenty of time and excellent stateroom accommodations for you. But you must act quickly! WE SAIL FEB. 12TH.

We're all ready for the most extensive trip ever—the most unique itinerary that has ever been offered on this winter cruise. Of course we have a generous stopover in the Holy Lands, but this winter we are to visit in all 22 different countries and islands bordering the great Inland Sea—the most interesting territory in the whole wide world.

Under Frank Mead's leadership, we can assure you of a trip that will leave enjoyable, inspiring memories to last your lifetime. The experience of walking in the footsteps of the Saviour through peaceful lanes in Galilee and Judea . . . the thrill of cruising on a great steamer especially built for the Mediterranean service, the motor liner SATURNIA . . . the joy of sharing your trip with congenial Christian men and women . . . the thousand and one world-famous cities and scenes that are included in our unparalleled itinerary—these are just some of the important features awaiting members of our cruise party. And all at unbelievably modest expense! One all-inclusive rate—$650—pays all your traveling expenses from the time you leave New York until you return.

We want you with us. If you have not already made your reservations, do so immediately. Your first step is to secure complete descriptive literature. Write, telephone or telegraph today for your copy.

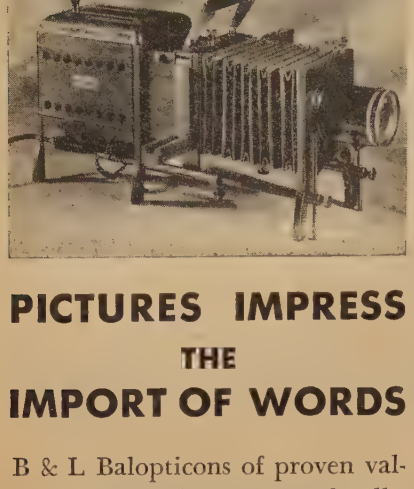
LAST CALL
for the Second Annual Christian Herald Around the World party

We are happy to announce that special arrangements made with the steamship company make it possible for the Around the World party to combine with the Holy Land party, both groups sailing together Feb. 12th on the luxurious motor liner SATURNIA.

After visiting the Holy Land and Egypt, the Around the World party continues to India for extensive visit to Agra, the Taj Mahal and Delhi (all included in the rate) and then to Ceylon, romantic isle. From there the unusual itinerary takes us to Australia, New Zealand and the South Seas before returning to America. Optional extension tour includes Penang, Singapore, Hongkong and Japan. All-inclusive rates $1060 up, including rail ticket from home town back to home town. Membership limited—make reservations immediately.

For literature and reservations in both cruises write, phone or telegraph TODAY to

JAMES W. BORING,
Christian Herald Cruise Director,
655 Fifth Avenue, New York
Phone ELdorado 5-6670



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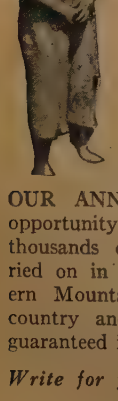

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OUR ANNUITY PLAN affords you an opportunity to share in bringing help to thousands of distressed children now carried on in numerous centers of the Southern Mountains and other sections of the country and at the same time receive a guaranteed income for life.

Write for full data: giving date of birth.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND, 1 Madison Ave., New York

(Continued from page 44)

the street. "Going home, Julie? Shall I put you in a cab?"

She nodded. Funny how all the world could end so suddenly—end with seven brief words . . . "shall *I put you in a cab.* . . ."

"More sleuthing?" she asked him lightly, so he wouldn't know that she was disappointed.

He shook his head and smiled. "No—more Natalie." A cab drew up. "Get a good night's sleep, Julie. You've earned it. See you tomorrow."

There was an adjustable top on the taxicab, and the driver had left it open, now the rain had spent itself, so a view of sky and stars seeped through. Gradually Julie's clenched hands grew still. She laughed. Silly to expect to find Paradise in this world. . . . Maybe you just imagined, now and then, you saw a spire. There really wasn't anything but shipwrecks, and brave people like Peter's editors, trying to make over a whole town, and old men not understanding about needing to put religion on a gigantic basis, and new slides for the playgrounds, and a green beret that got lost, and a brown dress that had to be dry cleaned. . . . There was her book. She would go home and work on that. She could make life flow to to suit her in its pages. Only, she couldn't. The pattern wouldn't be real.

Slowly she climbed the three flights of steps. From the street she saw that the latticed windows of the apartment were yellow with light. Martha must be home. Goodness, she and Martha had asked some of the girls from their joint Bible School classes on the East Side to come to a buffet supper. Maybe they still were there. She had forgotten about it.

The girls had gone. It was Briggs Burns who sat by the fire with Martha. Martha had donned a misty violet frock that looked like clouds and seas all mixed up, and she sat on a wide hassock in front of the blaze. Briggs was walking back and forth. When she entered they both rushed to her.

"Martha, I'm so everlastingly sorry about the girls. I forgot. Hello, Briggs! Oh, it's good to be home!"

"The girls ate their pickled eggs and shrimp salad and showed me your stories in the paper, and only went home because I drove them out," Martha said. "And here we've sat worrying about you. Where did you go?"

"To church," Julie answered. "Any more coffee, Martha? I'm so tired."

"Church?" Briggs had sat down by her, and she noted his perfect dinner clothes.

"Was I going out with you, Briggs? I can't seem to remember."

"We hadn't planned it," he admitted. "But I've got tickets for the impersonator that's the riot of the year. Doesn't open until nine-fifteen. But when you didn't come, I coaxed Martha into consenting to go—"

Funny how quickly she could forget her book, Julie thought, relaxing again. All she wanted was to fill the evening with something to do, so she wouldn't think about Terry being with Natalie. That was cheap! She didn't deserve Briggs. He was a dear. And she was glad Martha was going to have some fun.

But Martha, who appeared with a cup of coffee and a sugar bowl, was demurring. "I'm not going out of this house. Run along and change your dress, Julie. Go and be merry! Merry! Merry. . . ." Her voice choked and she ran from the room quickly.

"What happened?" Julie asked.

"I don't know," he answered, but he flushed a little. So often Briggs had been coming to the apartment, that Martha had seen him dozens of times when Julie was delayed at the office. Could she be caring for him—feeling the way about him that she felt about Terry?

"Oh good grief!" Julie said. "Briggs, use your firmest voice and command Martha to go with you. Tell her you don't want me!"

"But I do. . . ."

"I appreciate it, and you're a dear. But do as I tell you!"

So in the end Martha went up town to hear the impersonator and Julie took a warm bath and went to bed. She had decided that she was too tired to write. Half asleep she wondered what Peter would do with his hunch regarding the burning of the sinking ship.

Three days later she found out. In headlines, a drastic black banner, the *Express* accused two ship officials, men by the names of Black and Thornton, as knowing something about the burning of the ship. There was a picture. . . .

Julie's lips parted as she looked at it. She remembered the scene. That plane had taken the shot from above, as she and Peter were leaving the boat. There they were, hurrying along the deck. Yes, she could make out her own hand upraised, waving. . . . And that creature, coming along, with a torch in one hand. . . . That was the man they had seen, the torch Peter had caught and she had missed. Eagerly Julie read the story.

Peter had kept that man in sight, once they reached shore. He had learned from the man that he had been hired for the sum of $500 to set fire to the already doomed boat. He could tell nothing of the man who had hired him, given him the incendiary material, except that he wore heavy dark glasses and a cap pulled low over his face. The man had pleaded, when he was arrested, that the ship was doomed anyway, and he saw no harm in making some money if a guy was crazy enough to pay him to light a few matches. An investigation was under way. The steamship company was infuriated with the attack.

So Peter had not let the story die. This was a scoop in his soft grey hat. The *Express* had scored.

The managing editor summoned her. "Julie, there's a supposition that someone may have framed the two officials and they are getting the works for nothing. We're going after it. Maybe it won't amount to two rows of type. Maybe it will blow the *Express* into the river. Want to try an angle on it?"

Poor Peter! To fight so hard, and maybe be wrong. "What shall I do?" she asked.

When she met Peter again, it was by accident one night, on the street.

"Enemies!" he said, and laughed.

"I'm sorry, Peter."

"Don't be. We don't want to accuse anybody wrongly. But Julie, we're right!" *(To be continued).*

(Continued from page 15)

a formation of utter mutual respect and unity."

I listened at one of the breakfasts to Richmond men who had cast their lot in with that of the Mission, far in advance of its arrival in the city, helping to prepare the ground. I heard one after another speak, not only of the good they had seen come out of the Mission with their own eyes, but what they knew of what was to be the aftermath. And it was a good deal like the aftermath of Missions in other communities. Communities definitely pledged, before ever the Mission itself was concluded, to the subsequent eight-day missions in which pastors resolved to adapt the larger implications of the National Mission to the immediate problems of their own parishes. Before the Mission had been one full day in Richmond, seventy-five percent of the churches in the community were on record as preparing for eight-day missions.

I sought out Dr. Adolph Keller of Geneva, whom I knew to be present, representing the Universal Christian Council, and the Swiss Church Federation. Quite naturally, Dr. Keller's seminar subject was "Christianity and World Problems." One could have wished for several hours with him, because of the sweep of his insight into the realistic problems facing Christianity and the Church today.

Dr. Keller is the typical scholar of world culture; a man of medium height, with a black beard slightly silvered, a good command of English, a considerable knowledge of trends and happenings in the United States for all his time in the States has been comparatively brief. With the conclusion of the Mission he was going off on a speaking tour of the country.

Naturally it seemed to me significant that no plan for a National Preaching Mission could be considered symmetrical without members who would represent the feeling and sympathetic cooperation of the churches in Europe. "If American and European Protestantism can speak with a united voice," Dr. Keller said, picking up the thought, "how can anyone say it may not have a definite and practical effect on our times?

"Obviously we are facing the complete end of an old world. Ideals which we cherished, ideals for which we once fought, are vanishing. Even churches have come to an end.

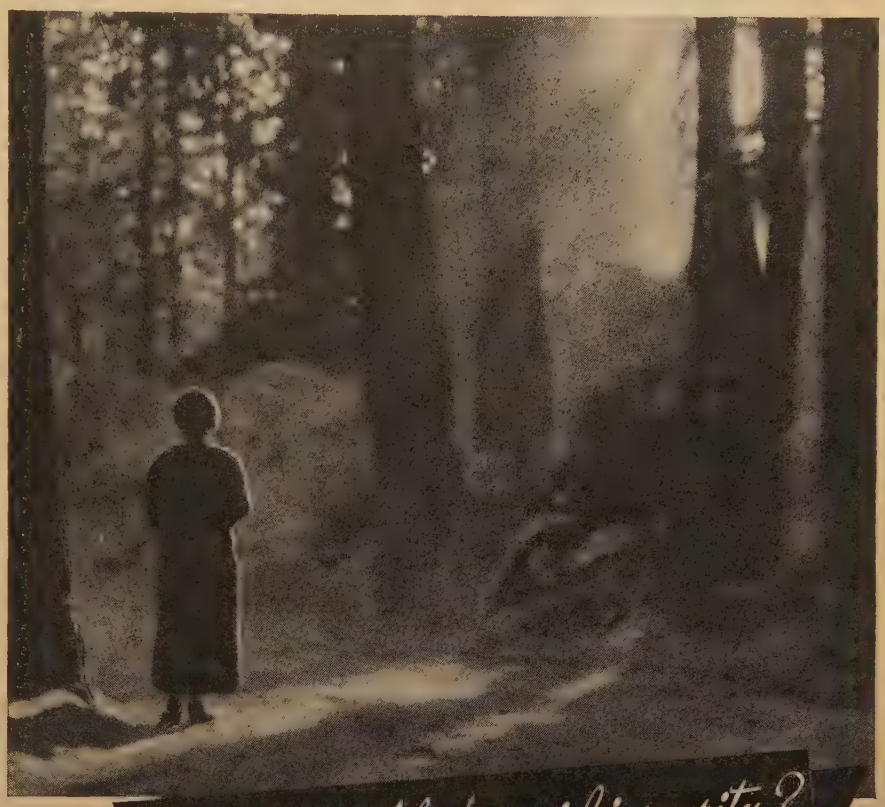
"The gospel certainly does not give a general recipe for healing the present sickness of the world. But the gospel has entrusted to the Church a message which she has to apply to the present situation on her own responsibility. . . .

"And finally the Church must stand for the principle of love whose application sometimes may seem impossible. But Christianity is not faith in what is possible. It is faith in the impossible. And it is the impossible that Christ tries to accomplish, through those who follow him."

At the last I tried to think of some simple summing up of the National Preaching Mission. And I thought of that sentence of Dr. Keller's, "Christianity must stand for the principle of love."

That, it seems to me, is what has sent the National Preaching Mission among the people—to preach, and to show, the Principle of Love.

As you face life's sunset . . .



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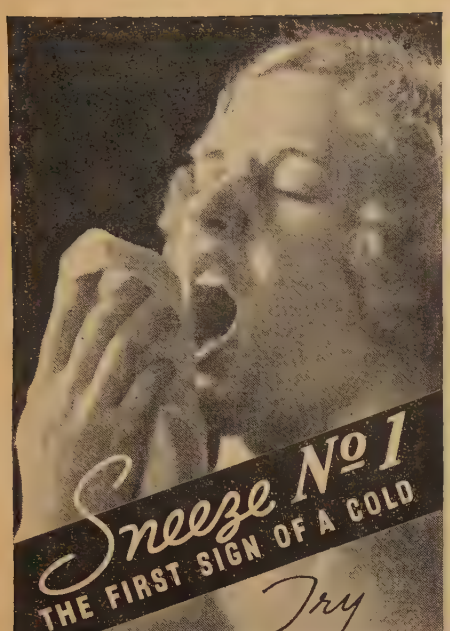

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AT the first sign of a cold, just drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water. When they bubble up and dissolve, drink the crystal clear, pleasant-tasting solution. It's beneficial action starts immediately. Continue using Alka-Seltzer according to the directions for colds as explained in the direction sheet in every package of Alka-Seltzer.

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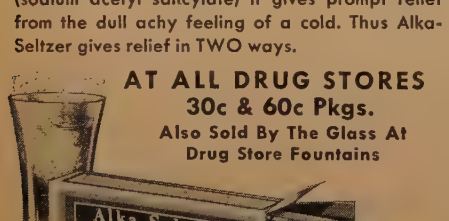

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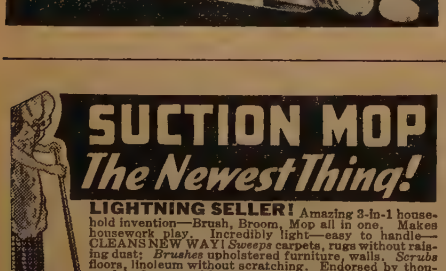

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
7 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 37)

A stubby little Irishman in a khaki shirt plucked at St. John's sleeve as he passed by: "Doc, when you going to help *me?* I wanna straighten up, honest I do."

"Then why don't you? You've been saying that ever since I've known you."

"I know," replied the boy. "I know, Doc. But it's hard!"

For the first time, there came a softer light in St. John's eyes, a softer tone in his voice: "I know, Mike, I know." Mike needed that sort of an approach. Scourging him woud have finished him, where it helped the others.

St. John had them testify. That was different, too, for most of them testified to the fact that they hadn't yet been saved. One said,

"I come from Iowa. I've tried, but...."

"Me, I've been a sailor all me life, and you know sailors."

"I had a fine mother, but she died when I was six...." That was as far as *he* got. Few of them finished, and no wonder. It's one thing to testify that you've fought and won; quite another to admit that you've lost every skirmish.

So it went, for more than an hour. Men drifted in and out; men were slapped awake and led to the showers; men sobered before our eyes. All in all, it seemed to be the most reasonless and powerful religious service we had ever seen or heard of; surely it is the most unusual and unorthodox in all the Christian world. And it doesn't end that night, either. St. John explained that as we stood behind the coffee urn, later:

"We don't let them go after the service is over, if we can help it. We clean them up, give them coffee, an aspirin or a bromide to help them sleep, and get them into bed. This whole basement is turned over to them. Sometimes they get up and tear out of here, in the middle of the night; their nerves just won't let them sleep. They're usually worse than ever in the morning."

"What happens," we asked, "in the morning?"

"Well," he said, "did you ever see a confirmed drunk on the morning after the night before? That's when the real blow hits him. He has to have a drink, an 'eye-opener', before he shaves, before breakfast, before anything, to quiet that awful tearing in his throat. We're right here, when he calls for that, with a cup of strong coffee and a good breakfast. We may send him back to bed, if he's exhausted; or bundle him off to a hospital or a doctor. Or he may be ready for the heart-to-heart talk, upstairs in the office. We do what we think he needs most. Sometimes it takes three, four days."

"How many services do you have besides this midnight one?"

"Nine a week. Every night, and two 'matinees'. And besides that, a twenty-four hour a day service: feeding, clothing, finding jobs, sending them home...."

"Then why put on this extra midnight business?"

"Why," he asked. "Why? Why because it's more important than all the rest of our services put together. These men are the really desperate ones, the ones who need help most. And the only time we can get them is after taps. I know. I walk this Street every night, in the wee small hours; I know what happens then. And I know the only way to get them is to go after them *then.*

"You know, Fanny Crosby came down here once and looked around and went home and wrote one of the finest hymns we sing:

"'Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity. . . .'

Snatch them. Rescue them. *Go out after them.* When the Coast Guard finds a ship foundering off the coast, they don't just stand in the door of their station and call, 'Come on in.' They go out into the surf after them. I've learned that about the alcoholic: *you've got to go out after him, for he'll seldom come to you.* That explains why we put on the service. It's a service for the fellow who's so far gone he can't help himself."

★ ★ ★

MY ROOM IN THE INN

Charles M. Sheldon

One night I dreamed I was a guest,
That night in Bethlehem town,
Where He was born, who gave to it
Its famous world renown;
And safe I slept within the inn
That quiet starlit night,
While in the stable near, there shone
The world's eternal light.

And in the morn my host revealed
The story of that birth,
To us, his guests, who sat and heard,
And feasted in our mirth;
But one inquired, in thoughtful mood,
Why shelter was denied;
"There was no room within the inn,"
Our genial host replied.

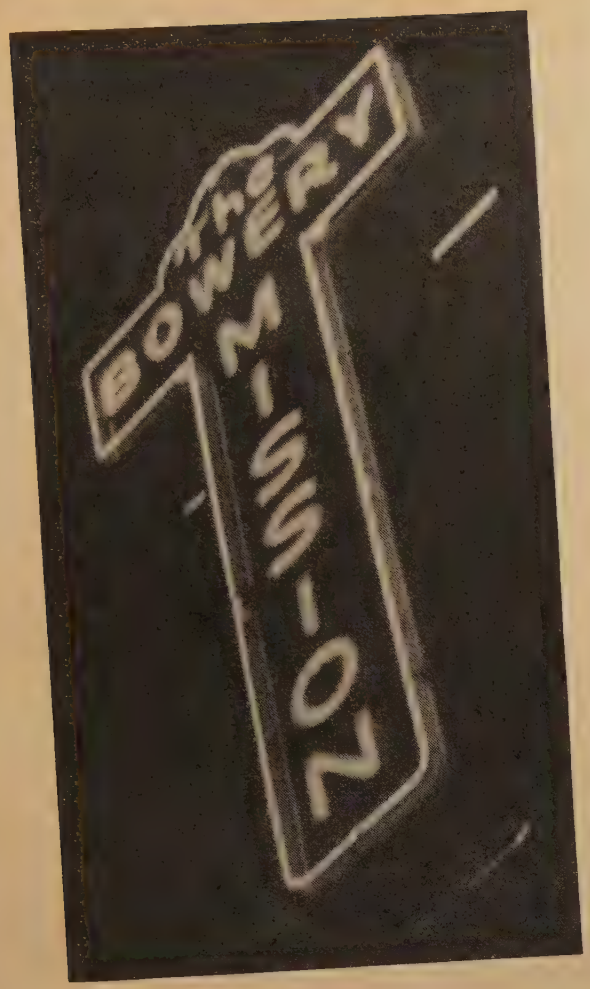
Up spake I then to them, and said,
"If I had only known,
They might have had *my* room last night,
In little Bethlehem town."
Then I awoke; and now I know
The Prince of Peace is come,
And needs a place within my heart,—
Will I now give Him room?

★ ★ ★

"And are you getting anywhere with them?"

"We are. You won't believe it, but we've organized a Temperance Club among the fellows who come at midnight. A Club where they testify in meeting as to how long they've managed to stay off the booze. You should hear them boast of their records!"

Outside again, we looked up and down the Bowery. There was not a human being visible for two blocks. Nobody, that is, except old Mamie, who was climbing the steps of the uptown L, one step at a time. And Patrolman O'Rourke, under the arc light, swinging his club. I looked at my watch. 2:30. St. John put on his coat and started his nightly walk. Thirty-nine were safely gathered into his basement, but there was just a chance that somewhere along The Street he'd find just one more, somewhere. Just a chance. . . .



St. John prays with a lost brother.

The Light » » » that leads the way

TO BE with the poor in body and soul was ever Christ's way—were He on earth today we would find Him on just such a street as the Bowery; and a drunkard would be the first to plead the touch of His healing hand.

We have never seen the leopard change its spots but we have seen profane Bowery drunkards change to sober, rejoicing Christians. A faith in God cured where all else failed. Hunger drove these men to the Mission—they thought it was hunger of body only and not until they had tasted of spiritual food did they know their real cravings.

Poverty and Ignorance are the parents of a large family of criminals, a family that lives on such streets as the Bowery. Visit the homes of the poor in your city or in this city—only a genius could develop beyond such surroundings. Out of these homes comes careless, thoughtless living. The misery—the drabness of their lives can produce but one result: crime, and drunkenness in which to forget such misery.

No man is proof against corruption and sin; not all who seek the shelter of the Bowery Mission have come from homes of poverty and crime. Not all have reached the Bowery because they have been poorly guided; some there are who find the Mission at the end of a long line of disappointments—love tragedies, unemployment and bad habits acquired through illness. We do not judge men to find them wanting—we judge to find their worthiness. If they want what we have to give them, we are there to give it.

The workers at the Bowery Mission through bitter experience and suffering know how to reach men who have found their way to the Bowery. Long into the night the Mission's Pastor walks its streets looking for these lost ones—the electric sign on the building burns all through the night—a light that leads the way to a soul-saving station. A midnight service is held: a piece of bread and a cup of hot coffee can bring a man out of his drunken stupor and act just in time to save him from a long spell of drunkenness.

If we can save one man a day—keep one man from the wreck he can make of his own life, we will feel that we have done well in His Service. In a letter from Peoria, Illinois is a kodak picture of a home, a man, wife and children. The man simply writes:

"Thank God I came your way. This is a picture of the family I had deserted through sin. Today I am happily re-united to them and praising God."

★

Support us in this man-saving work.

1-38

BOWERY MISSION & YOUNG MEN'S HOME
BUSINESS OFFICE, 419 FOURTH AVE., N. Y. C.

Dear Friends:—We want to take part in your work to save men—we hope $..... will help. Please send your booklet to (attach list of names and addresses).

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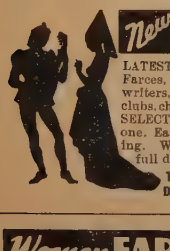

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Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal from your respiratory system. Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal remedy for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

(Continued from page 33)

asked that one before. And I think I know what's in your mind. You want to know what all this effort produces. Results! You're thinking that a lot of these Books we send around the earth are thrown away the minute they leave our hands; that the trail of the colporteur is littered with Testaments flung away the minute his back is turned. Surely. Certainly. Some of the seed always falls on stony ground, doesn't it? We expect that, just as the missionary or the preacher expects it. But the reason we go on is that *some* of it falls on good ground. We've got a colporteur down in Cuba who has just sold a Bible to a man after being turned down one hundred and nine times! We've got one in Bulgaria who was held up and robbed on a mountain path; he didn't have a cent in his pockets, so he offered the bandits some Bibles. They took them. You'd say that was a bad investment, wouldn't you? Maybe so. But three months later, on the same mountain path, the colporteur met one of the robbers again. Only this time, he wasn't a robber. He waylaid the Bible man to tell him he'd been reading the Book, and that he'd given up his banditry.

"Colporteur R—— met a lady in a store in Potosi and offered her a Bible. If he'd known her better, he might not have done that; she had the sharpest tongue in town. She used it on him, gave him a good sound tongue-lashing and all but slapped his face. It didn't faze him. Next day he offered her another Bible. And she took it! What else could she do? He reports now that the tongue is not so sharp.

"We have a thousand stories like that in our files. They make up the credit side of our work ledger; they are the last proof that this is a good investment. What of it if some do fall on stony ground? Any business man sets aside certain items to profit and loss; he expects to lose, sometimes. Say, Mr. Mead, were you in the War?"

We were, but we wondered what that had to do with all this?

"Why, think about the war, a moment: The money the World War cost *for a single hour during its last year* would build ten high schools costing one million dollars each. The total cost of the Great Bloodshed of 1914 was $240,000,000 *per day,* for all countries. We called that an investment, and we cheered while we made it! All right. Here's the American Bible Society shooting its Gospel 'shells' into 'enemy territory.' A Bible costs—what would you say?—about one thousandth as much as a shell for a sixteen-inch gun? I think less than that. We send it out, praying for a direct hit on some man's soul. If we don't get our man every time we still think it's worth while."

He paused. He looked at his watch. He had to catch a train at Grand Central in half an hour. So he summed up.

"Of course, that isn't what we're really after. I mean that we could never be satisfied with getting hold of a man in Guatemala on Monday, and another man in Los Angeles on Friday. We're after something bigger than that. We're laying the groundwork for a revolution."

Ah, we thought, here it comes. The Plot!

"We distribute these millions of Bibles and Testaments without any comment whatsoever. We haven't any interest in trying to explain where Cain got his wife or how Noah packed in the animals. We haven't time for theological arguments. We just put Bibles in men's hands and say, 'Take it and read it.' We know that if he'll do that, the flame will begin to burn.

"We're spreading fire. Alfred Grant Walton calls the Bible a flame, and he's right:

"Thou art a *flame,* which purifies the gold
Of man's true self, and burns the dross away.
Misshapen by the forms of baser clay,
Tomorrow's life must find a better mold."

We are incendiarists, running all over the world with God's torches in our hands, setting men afire, clearing the ground for the building of a nobler world. We're spreading fire in the Andes, deep within the hearts of Andes men; fire deep in the souls of South Americans and North Americans and Europeans and Asiatics and Africans. Fire in Japan, where militarism has taken a nation astray and where twenty-four of our colporteurs have been canvassing the country house by house and road by road and county by county, for the last twelve years; to date, they've knocked on two million doors. I say they're spreading a holy fire that eventually will purify the gold of Japan's true self and fit her to the molds of peace.

★

Wanted: CLOTHES FOR THE HOMELESS!

THEY do not need to be new clothes, but they must be strong against the wind and firm against the cold. Probably any pair of shoes you could find in your home would be better than the shoes on the feet of the men on the Bowery; any coat you can send us will be better than no coat at all.

Look into your wardrobe *today,* for there is a growing line of men whose shoes are practically without soles and whose clothes are mostly holes. I saw that line at the Bowery Mission today—the man at the head of it had both hands in bandages: he had just been discharged from a hospital. He had no overcoat and a pair of workman's overalls was all that stood between him and the cold of late October.

A set of warm underwear, a pair of strong shoes, an overcoat, can mean life instead of death; a job instead of charity. Make up a bundle today and send it PREPAID direct to Charles J. St. John at 227 Bowery, New York, N. Y. Let him clothe the homeless.

★

"Communism in China! Red fire. But we hear that Chiang Kai-shek and his splendid wife hold daily Bible readings in their home, so there's hope for China. We put two and a half million copies of the Scriptures into China last year. How many Bible readings do you imagine *they* inspired?

"Siam is in a furore, fumbling with this strange new thing called democracy, after centuries of monarchy. We've thrown them a life line: from the mere reading of the Scriptures, with no teacher other than the Holy Spirit, hundreds of people and whole villages in Eastern Siam have accepted Christ. Kings and Governments may come and go but we believe the King of Kings has come to Siam to stay.

"The Philippines are free! They have a commonwealth now, and they're in the greatest danger of their history: politics may wreak more havoc on them than their time-honored floods and typhoons. We've published a mountain of volumes down there for them to lift their eyes to: 100,000 books in 1935 alone. They were seized eagerly in a land where, as late as 1915, a public Bible-burning took place at Vigan, in Ilocos Sur! How those flames have spread!

"The Untouchables are rising in India! Sixty million men, women, and children who never had a chance are about to get one. When they become power-conscious, they'll rock the world.

"Just to make sure they'll rock it in the right direction, the American Bible Society started to influence them in the year 1822. That was the year we sent out $1,000 gold to William Carey, the greatest translator of them all and the Father of Modern Missions. Today we cooperate with the British and Foreign Bible Society, which carries the burden of the work in those parts.

"I wish I could tell you more about that cooperation. About how we cooperate in other lands. Interesting thing about us: we're always ready to get together with another Society when it is a matter of how best to do the job. We believe in cooperation. We are trying to stop duplication, over-lapping of fields of work. So the British and Foreign Society helps us, and we help them! I wish I could tell you more about that. And about the idea we have on church union . . . we think it can come only by way of the Bible. But that's another story. . . ."

He looked at his watch. Twenty minutes now. We went down in the elevator and out into the street and we stood looking at the window display of the Society at the second busiest corner in New York. He said: "Remember this. There's a change coming over the world. I feel it, see it, hear it. There are new weights being placed in the scales of destiny. Weights marked Dictatorship, Democracy, Atheism, Faith. I'll tell you something. The secret and the heart of our plot is this: we want to pile Bibles in the scales. Then it will be all right."

I walked down Park Avenue; past the twin towers of the Waldorf-Astoria I turned East. Soon I was where the propagandists are at their best, boosting books and blankets and baskets and beehives. I saw none of it. I saw only a pair of scales, with weights piled high. And in my ears rang the words . . . "pile Bibles in the scales!"

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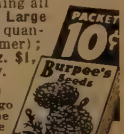

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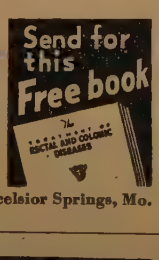

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(Continued from page 46)

It is like an old Pennsylvania cob soup, the corn cut fresh, then combined with garden vegetables. It is as homey and cheerful as slippers by the fire. Combine it with cream of tomato soup for something altogether new. The combining of one soup with another to make a third is a merger idea being featured by this company.

Yes and there is a new vegetable soup, by this master soup concern, stout and sustaining, made without a whit of meat. Yet by some cleverness in its vegetable combination it has that richness and body and flavor peculiar to soup that is seasoned with the marrow that seeps from a cracked shank bone.

There is a new shredded whole wheat breakfast food made in the shape of a miniature biscuit that has crunchy crispness even when knee deep in cream. You will be impressed with the flavor which is achieved by malt added to the natural whole wheat by a special process, then toasted and spun into this new interesting form. Some serve these nutty biscuit bites with the vegetable juice cocktail. Or dot with butter and oven heat a few minutes and serve the midgets with soup.

Chopped Food For Baby

If you have small children here is New Year news. Uniform chopped baby foods are now offered in cans. Previously there has been only the strained varieties. Heretofore when baby became a toddler and the doctor prescribed a change in menu from strained foods to chopped, mother was in for extra work. The chopped food menu, simple as it sounds, is a business in itself. These foods must be fine and even in texture; cooking time must be exactly right to guarantee tenderness and the pieces must be uniform. Usually male members of the family yammered about the baby's food that suddenly filled the family's menu. Yet a busy mother has no time to prepare two sets of vegetables.

The use of these new canned products assures freshness and freedom from contamination even in the hottest weather. The foods are pressure cooked to conserve the vitamins. They are sterilized completely and chopped evenly. Featured in this toddler's line are carrots, spinach, beets and green beans which offer minerals, vitamins and excellent roughage. Apple sauce or prunes provide a refreshing dessert.

Meat Platter Notes

Ham, a big juicy, tender, ready-cooked ham, is the very thing to have on hand for Sunday dinner. One such ham, a year on the market, is making a friend of everyone touching it with a fork. That it cuts with a fork is one of its chief bragging points. The packer has developed a secret process for cooking the hams at controlled temperatures which gives the remarkable tenderness. These come ready to serve cold or hot. In heating allow but seven minutes to a pound. The outer skin of the ham has been removed before wrapping in grease proof paper. These hams vary in size from ten to thirteen pounds.

Two round center cuts of boneless smoked ham wrapped in grease-proof transparent paper is the latest merchandizing idea among the meats. These slices weigh a half a pound and sell for around thirty-five cents. These are not quite as thick as most women order for broiling or frying but they are thicker than cold boiled sliced ham. One package offers just the right amount for two persons and could be made to stretch for three. There is no trimming of rind, no bone, no waste.

Gravy fans please take note to try the new gravy in cans—an emergency shelf item. This is really good gravy—a rich medium brown, colored with the red juices of meat and with something of a vegetable flavor lurking in the background. It is smooth as cream and cooked to that perfect blending of fat and flour and juices that gives a gravy thick enough not to travel at high speed over the plate, yet not so thick it is pasty. A ten cent can holds one and one-fourth cups.

Vegetable Course

If you are in a mood for hot corn on the cob, dripping with bright yellow butter, order it today for dinner. Fresh corn is available three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, field fresh and in a variety of styles. Buy the frosted package, four uncooked ears in a carton or buy the ears vacuum cooked in cans.

Lima beans "with a difference" are tender baby California Limas, baked with a generous amount of piquant seasoning that came recently to market. This added touch of zest brings the bland Limas to a new flavor peak.

While putting Ethiopia through her paces, Italy may have lost a big slice of her five million dollar tomato market in the United States. Packers in California have discovered that the plum shaped Italian tomatoes so popular in paste and sauce will grow just as well in the San Joaquin Valley as in Italy, if not better. The first of these American raised and American packed Italian tomatoes are being sold nationally by a well-known packer in fifteen ounce cans.

For stuffing a tomato or celery spikes try a new and teasing combination of cream cheese, Roquefort, spices and choice meats, rather lusty in flavor. Good cooks with appreciative noses have but to smell the contents of the jar to know that here is spicy relish, its original contents untampered with. Packed in handsome sail-boat decorated glasses.

Your "Just Desserts"

A new pudding of velvety texture, of butterscotch flavor in a Scotch plaid box is the cheerful addition to a prepared dessert-mix line of a nationally known food manufacturer. It is made of pure butter, that is how the true butterscotch flavor gets in. No synthetics are used, each ingredient is the real thing. To make the pudding, which you may buy in institutional size tins for crowd suppers as well as in the family size box, use the recipe on the container.

Pureed prunes deserve the busy woman's blessing. The sieved meat of freshly cooked fruit awaits a quick get together with whipped egg whites, sugar and juice of lemon giving a prune whip dessert that makes a happy ending to dinner! One glass, eleven ounces, enough for serving six portions around fifteen cents.

(Continued from page 40)

cessful young business man, the son and heir of a wealthy manufacturer, happily married, and with two little daughters, when his wife suddenly died. After struggling along for a year he startled and amazed his Eastern associates by quietly announcing that he had purchased an unimproved quarter-section of timber land in the Northwest, and that he was withdrawing from all business responsibilities to move into the wilds to spend five years with his daughters. He was not bitter. He simply decided that to remain where he was meant inevitably the loss of the greatest joy of his fatherhood. He believed that for five years he could give to his little girls every vital thing that they needed, that at the end of that time they would be ready to return, go on with their studies, and enter the normal life of his people.

Financially he was in a position to do as he wished. Certain ambitions were of course sacrificed; but deliberately he made the choice, and today he does not regret it. He lived in the remote mountains a year longer than he had originally planned to stay. Now and then relatives of the children visited them, and two or three times every year the little girls went out with their father for supplies; that was all. He was their tutor and their guide, their housekeeper, their playmate, their father, and, with the help of the picture, their mother. No women in all this world have richer, sweeter memories of their childhood than the two little girls I saw for the first and last time more than twenty years ago in the Oregon mountains.

Fathers and mothers, we have finished with the old year; what of the new? We cannot go to the wilds with our children, but we can come out of the wilderness of society and business in which they have lost us. We finish today. Oh, let us begin.

Ten years ago I watched the old year out in the Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, the mission that captured "Mel" Trotter and Harry Monroe and Billy Sunday and thousands of others, for God. It was home-coming night; the room was crowded; there were men and women present from all sections of the country. As is always the case in such a service, the testimonies of the converts were the most gripping portion of the program. One of the speakers, a man in middle life, said that years before, on a New Year's night, he had staggered down the aisle of that old hall and fallen in a half-stupor across its altar rail; that somehow God had saved him there, given him a new heart, a new life, and that in the early hours of a New Year's morning he had walked through the doors of that mission a new man in Christ Jesus. He told how he had returned to his wife, and how together they had rebuilt their broken home. He concluded, "Tonight, by the grace of God, I am a respected citizen of my city, president of a bank, and father of a Christian family." He had finished one year, and he had finished it to begin another.

Few of us find anything in our experience that brings us to common ground with this man; you were never on the street, sodden in a vice, the victim of an evil appetite; or perhaps you were. But

(Continued on page 61)

You Get What You Pay For

No. 2 in a series of articles by

Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt

MANY are the wiles of the door-to-door peddler. There's the young man with a nautical air who offers a "bargain" in Japanese silk crêpe—"worth $3 a yard"—along with this sad, sad story:

While his ship was at Yokohama, he says, he bought six yards for his mother's birthday. But she died just before he arrived! You may have it for what it cost him—$5 for the piece.

The silk is not Japanese—or all pure silk—at all. Heavily weighted, it becomes thin and sleazy after one washing. But the story has misled many a housewife who did not know her values. In everything bought and sold today, price is closely related to quality. You get what you pay for.

Sara D. Roosevelt

WHEN you put good fresh butter, eggs and milk into a cake, you want a result that pays for your expense and trouble. The other ingredients often cost 40 times as much as the baking powder you use with them.

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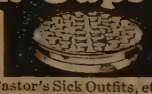
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(Continued from page 41)

retraction. The sermons are simple, spiritual discourses, and that a preacher, in these modern times, should be imprisoned for expressing such orthodox sentiments seems incredible to us in America. But so it is!

Good News from Mrs. Crowell

Admirers of Grace Noll Crowell—and that includes about every reader of *Christian Herald*—will be glad to hear that Harper & Brothers of New York have acquired the copyrights of all her books formerly published in Dallas, and will issue them in new editions. The titles are: *White Fire, Silver in the Sun, Flame in the Wind, Songs for Courage,* and *Miss Humpety Comes to Tea.* Prices and further details will be announced later.

While we are on the subject of Harper books, another notable volume has just been issued by that firm. It is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's autobiography, *This Is My Story.* Regardless of one's attitude toward her husband's administration, all citizens respect and admire Mrs. Roosevelt for her humanitarian work and her untiring industry. She has probably traveled more miles than any other American woman, except perhaps some of the aviators; and though she receives large sums for her writings and addresses, she keeps none of the proceeds for herself. Her book is more than a personal biography; it is the story of one of the country's most remarkable families, and, indeed, a picture of the progress of the whole country during four of its most rapidly changing decades. The book ends, modestly, with the reentry of her husband into politics, after his partial recovery from the paralysis which for a time seemed to have ended his career forever. The book's utter simplicity, unpretentiousness, fearlessness, and wisdom make it the most revealing and amusing biography of the time. Reading it is like being given a long look behind the scenes of her family life, and of the life of America during the past forty years. It has jumped at once into the best-seller list. The price is Three Dollars.

Seventeenth Century Life

A Review by Aileen Soares

Almost any book of Seventeenth Century life is certain to be of interest to the romantically and historically minded reader. *Men and Marvels of the Seventeenth Century* by Arthur W. Fox (Fortuny's, $3.00,) is no exception.

Beginning with Ben Johnson's visit to William Drummond and the latter's appraisal of the burly Elizabethan, the author takes us through interesting phases of the "White King's" reign, the Commonwealth and Restoration. We get a clairvoyant perception of the true character of Sir John Suckling. We have, for the first time, the story of Waller's Plot freed from the errors of other historians confused by the quantity and diversity of evidence. The veracious tale of Anne Green who defied the hangman's rope is as incredible as it is fascinating. We marvel at the Book Fish, the cod in whose maw was found an ecclesiastical volume half-digested, "A common fate of theological treatises." But it is with The Love Letters of a Regicide that Mr. Fox shows his best delineation of character and impartiality in treatment.

In the complexities of modern living it is refreshing to be able to pick up a book such as this and be transported to the period of rampant superstition, gallant martyrs, and Cavalier-poets.

About Women, by Women, for Women

An excellently edited and ably prepared volume is the *1938 Woman's Almanac,* compiled by Antoinette Donnelly and Allice Archibald (Oquaga Press, New York, $1.00 per copy). The subtitle of this exceptionally interesting and valuable book is "The Second Annual Book of Facts for, by, and about Women. It is just that, and more. I am sure no one now living would any longer dispute the ability and achievements of modern women. Those achievements are here well set forth, along with a most impressive mass of facts of value and interest to women—and therefore, of course, to men also. A sample list of subjects for just one month of the twelve will give an idea of the volume's completeness and excellence of arrangement and subject matter. Here is the list for that one month: Calendar and Predictions; The Pedicure; For More Beautiful Hair; School Information; Library Schools; the New York School of Social Work; Art Schooling for Women in New York; A Pioneer in Corrective Schools; Schools for Home Training; School of Photography; 1937 Daisy Chain Bearers; A Flying School; School of Writing; Veterinary Training for Women; Making Fashion Careers; Library Association Awards; Feminine Who's Who; Policewomen; Vocational Adjustment for Girls; Youngest Genius Feminine; Highest Award in France; Prison Association; Women in the Field of Design; Golf Records; Indoor Tennis; Swimming; Archery; Women in 1936 Olympics; National U. S. Women Tennis Champions; Women's Polo Association; Field Hockey; Fishing and Women Anglers; Women Flyers; Skiers and Skating; Where to Ski; Bicycling Facts; Badminton; Table Tennis; Squash Rackets; Fencing; Horoscope for the Month; The Gardener's Duties for the Month; Meat Pies for Men's Dinners; Tuna Fish Pies; (Bless 'em, they don't forget us males;) Photograph of a Breakfast Table; Menus for the Month; and nine photographs of prominent women. Complete, isn't it? And that is only one month—the other eleven are just as completely and interestingly treated. A unique feature is the monthly prediction, a forecast of what is going to happen in each month next year. The authors claim that their predictions for last year were remarkably accurate.

The whole book is presented in real almanac form, with calendar and forecasts, in addition to the astonishing amount of valuable facts, and is published in attractive paper covers, beautifully printed, at the small price of one dollar.

Any book described in these columns can be supplied by our Book Department at the publisher's price. Address orders and remittances to Book Department, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

(Continued from page 34)

my membership to ask the organization for advice. And here is where I pause to explain not only what the above Council—known as the C.P.R.E.—is trying to do for this Island but how in general a very vital ten per cent of the English are struggling to save the land from defacement.

When I first came to England, it looked to me as if nothing could or would be done to stay the march of materialism. But, I'm learning that in England as everywhere else, there are people who will fight for those intangibles which are the ultimate sources of spiritual life.

It is obvious that all the old beloved places cannot be saved. It is obvious, too, that the battle to be waged cannot be dependent entirely on individual effort. National organization is essential. And so there has been born the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. There is also the Pilgrim Trust, (founded by the American, Mr. Harkness), and the National Trust and a dozen others.

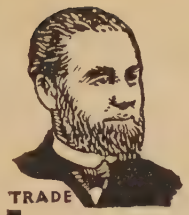
The C.P.R.E. is a non-political and very influential body, whose function is to coordinate the activities of all the various organizations which are striving to save the countryside. It is a clearing house of information.

The Pilgrim Trust has an endowment for helping various worthy causes and it will, when it feels it possible and advisable, help localities to buy lands or buildings to save them.

The National Trust will hold in perpetuity for the nation gifts of places of historic interest or natural beauty. For example, several gifts of houses and acreage in the Dovedale country, dear to Izaak Walton recently have made the National Trust owners of eight hundred acres in the Dovedale district and protector of fourteen hundred acres more.

Every county in England has now its little oasis of beauty saved for all time from the sterile sweep of "improvement." Acres by the tens, the hundreds, the thousands; cottages, manors and castles are being salvaged out of the ruin which threatens.

And that brings me back to Southdown Lane. The C.P.R.E. sent a lawyer to us from Exeter, who sat with us in earnest colloquy. We had the right, he told us, to prove that there was no necessity for opening the Lane to high-speed traffic! We could, through him, protest to the Town Council and if they proved obdurate, we could appeal to the Minister of Health in London, under whose central control local government is carried out in England. This, he said, would cost us each a fee of a pound for his work. We hemmed and hawed, for we Brixham folk are careful with our cash and a pound is twenty shillings! But finally, we told him to go ahead. And he did. And he was able to persuade the Local Council to do nothing at present. "Until five more houses are built up the Lane" said the Council, "you may keep it as it is. But after that, it must be widened and paved." And so we have agreed—being powerless—to let the matter stand. But you can imagine with what watchful ardor we landowners on either side of this old smuggler's road are keeping each other's real estate activities under view!



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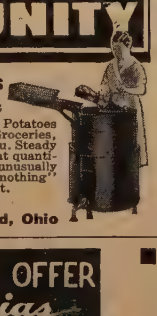

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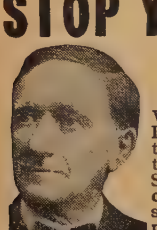
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☆

JANUARY 2
The Gospel of Mark: A Preview
MARK 10:35-45

FOR six months in 1938 these lessons will lead into a detailed study of the Gospel of Mark, called "The Gospel of Service," with the following aim: "To lead the student to appreciate how Jesus in His life and teachings emphasized service to all men; to help the student to devote his life to the task of building a new world in accordance with the ideals of our Lord."

Why begin a study of the Gospel of Mark with a passage from the tenth chapter? The answer is that the passage chosen summarizes the spirit and purpose of Jesus better than any other. The question of the ambitious disciples opened the way for Jesus to declare the seriousness of following Him,—particularly of going all the way with Him. Then, in describing the nature of true greatness the memorable words of verse 45 reach a great climax.

The Author of the Gospel. From the end of the second century it has been ascribed to John, a Jew of Jerusalem, who added to his birth name the Roman surname Marcus. His mother Mary was well known and influential among the early Christians. Tradition says that the young man (14:51, 52) who was clad with a linen cloth and who fled at the arrest of Jesus was none other than John Mark. Paul invited Mark to go along on the first missionary journey into Asia Minor. He did go as far as Perga, but for some reason turned back to Jerusalem.

The Origin of the Gospel. Mark had also a close relationship to the Apostle Peter. Tradition says that he was "an interpreter of Peter" and that from Peter he received his gospel.

The Theme of Mark's Gospel. "The entire contents of this Gospel might be summed up in these words: 'to minister and to give his life.' The first nine chapters picture his labors of love in Galilee; over them we might write the legend: 'To minister.' The remaining chapters reveal him journeying to Jerusalem and passing through the experiences of Passion Week, and above them might well be inscribed the words: 'To give his life.'" (Erdman, *The Gospel of Mark.*)

What Marks Gospel Means Today. With a premium placed on action and brevity, Mark's Gospel has risen in popularity. His words are quickly read and easily understood. While his chief lack is in the paucity of teaching,—no Sermon on the Mount, no Lord's Prayer, no Beatitudes,—he paints a picture of Jesus Christ which is attractive and appealing.

No student of this Gospel can fail to note the vividness of the accounts and the exactness of detail. Mark gives points that the other writers omit.

JANUARY 9
Preparing for a Life of Service
MARK 1:1-3

MARK'S Gospel opens with a sentence which is remarkable for its brevity and at the same time for its completeness. The "gospel of Jesus Christ" here refers to the Christian message of salvation; it is not the gospel preached by Jesus in Galilee, but the good news about Him. "Jesus" is a personal name, frequently used among the Jews; it is the same as Joshua, and means "the salvation of Jehovah"; it was given to Jesus because "he shall save his people from their sins." "Christ" is an official name, meaning "the anointed one"; it is the equivalent of the Jewish term "Messiah". "Son of God" expresses the divine nature of Jesus Christ; He is more than a man, more than an anointed one; He is God Himself, with a special relationship to the Father.

Three Points in Preparation. In amazing brevity Mark describes three contributing elements as Jesus made ready to begin His ministry:—(1) John preaching in the desert; (2) Jesus partaking of baptism; (3) Jesus overcoming temptation. The individual today who seeks parallel issues in his own life may use these:—(1) the rules for successful living; (2) reaching decisions that count; (3) testing one's strength.

1. *John's Preaching in the Desert.* Mark says but few things about John's preaching—that it had to do with the baptism of repentance, and that it pointed to one coming who should be mightier than John. Every one who responded to John's call—and there were many—met the conditions which he laid down.

Today's application of this is that every great decision must be made according to the established rules. There are recognized standards for successful living today. They embrace honor, courage, decision, breadth of vision, cooperation, brotherhood, and love. The first step in preparation is to put oneself in line with the best revelation available.

2. *Jesus Partaking of Baptism.* A second great factor in Jesus' preparation for His work was His willing acceptance of the ministry of John. Hearing about it in His Nazareth home, Jesus came stalking across the hills toward the Jordan, found John at work, and Himself became a sharer in the plans for the coming Kingdom.

The preparation was not complete when Jesus and John had done their parts. There yet remained the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the voice from heaven.

Every great decision on the part of a Christian should be attended by at least two positive elements,—his own clear-cut, unhesitating commitment, and the divine assurance that all is well.

3. *Jesus Overcoming Temptation.* Mark

gives but little of the detail of the temptation. He declared that the Spirit brought it about, that it occurred in the wilderness, that it lasted forty days, that Satan, the adversary, was the tempter, that Jesus was with the wild beasts, and that He was ministered to by angels. He does not mention that Jesus was fasting; he does not give the nature of the temptations, nor the way in which Jesus met them. But of this we may be certain, that Jesus needed the strength and the preparation which would come from this harrowing experience.

JANUARY 16

Beginning a Life of Service

MARK 1:14-28

Some Teaching Points

SELDOM are verses so full of teaching points as these. Every student and every class will find profit in going through today's passage with care, setting down the items on which discussion will be fruitful, and which make application to twentieth-century experiences. A list something like the following will appear:

1. Jesus took account of circumstances favorable to the reaching of the goal desired. He did not insist on a ministry in Judea when opposition had grown strong and John had been imprisoned. Instead He went to Galilee.

2. The summary of Jesus' preaching may be found in this: "The Reign of God is at hand! Repent and believe the Good News." *(Westminster Commentary.)*

3. The call of humble fishermen indicates that Christ can use all sorts of people in His work.

4. The first call is to discipleship,—"Come ye after me"; there may later be apostleship when the learners are to becomes fishers of men.

5. Jesus possessed a wonderful power of attraction to those who heard His voice. And one of the marvels of the ages is that the invisible Jesus still draws great multitudes of people to Himself.

6. The Synagogue—the place of public worship—easily was the natural place in which Jesus should begin His ministry.

7. The noteworthy point in the teaching of Jesus was that it had an authority which was not a mark of the teaching of the scribes.

Jesus, the Timely Revelation. Recent writers on the place of Jesus Christ in history have called attention to the timeliness of His appearance, with the Roman empire as the cradle in which the Gospel might be nurtured. God's direction of the affairs of His world is in no place more effective than in His sending of Jesus Christ when, where, and as He did.

Jesus, the Inspiring Leader. It was necessary for Jesus to have a small band of personal followers, who could learn of His purpose and spirit, and who could carry on after His demise. "For the success of His mission Jesus trusts not to impression on the many but to possession of the chosen few." (Green, *Mark's Gospel.*)

Are individuals called today to become "fishers of men"? Yes, it is always a part of the divine plan that everyone who sincerely responds to Christ's call has the privilege of bringing others to the same experience. Not all Christians are fishers of men, but all may be such if they will.

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Jesus, the Master Teacher. What was the difference between the teaching that was ordinarily heard in the synagogue and that which came from the lips of Jesus? Two things,—(1) The scribes quoted what other men had said. "The Lord taught independently of tradition, with the unhesitating 'authority' of immediate inspiration." (Rawlinson, *St. Mark.*) (2) Jesus added the power of His own personality, changing mere words into conviction, experience, persuasion, and practice. When He taught, His hearers could see the words put into action.

JANUARY 23

Ministering to Physical Needs

MARK 1:29-45

LEAVING the synagogue Jesus made His way to the house occupied by Peter and Andrew, where He seems to have made His headquarters while in Capernaum. Probably they told the Master of the illness of Peter's mother-in-law as an explanation of her absence. That she was quite ill is evident from the descriptive language, for the verb denotes that she was prostrate, and that she had the fire of fever.

The Sunset Ministry. The crowds waited until after the sun had set so as to avoid the breaking of the Sabbath; then they thronged the Healer, bringing their sick and suffering friends. We would be disappointed to read that the Master rebuked them, or refused any. We like to read that "he healed many," and that no case was too severe for His power. But why did He forbid the testimony, either of demons or of men, to His Messiahship? Was it not that it would have an adverse effect upon His work?

Jesus Finding the Source of Power. "When Christ is amongst men, He is doing them good; and when He is not amongst them, He is conversing with God." (Dr. Lightfoot.) After the strain of the day of healing Jesus stood in need of solitude and prayer. He left Capernaum before daybreak, secretly and alone. There was reason for Him to seek His Father's counsel, for Jesus was faced with a decision. Should He continue on the ministry of healing in Capernaum, or should He press on to other places and give Himself to preaching? Was the popularity of the Healer to be greater than the stirring influence of the Teacher?

A Leper Finds Healing. Several things are significant in these verses (40-45): (1) The leper transgressed the law in coming to Jesus; he was required to keep away from other human beings. (2) The leper recognized that Jesus had the power to heal him; it was only a question of the Master's willingness. (3) Jesus risked ceremonial defilement by touching the unclean man with His own hand. (4) The man was enjoined to observe strict secrecy on the matter; Jesus "did not desire notoriety as a healer of lepers." (5) So great was the man's joy that he disobeyed his benefactor's wish, and published the news abroad; this changed the nature of Jesus' ministry, for from this time on He was besieged with curious and aid-seeking humanity.

From these points a teacher can deduce: (1) that no obstacles can be huge enough to keep one away from the Saviour, who is to be sought at any cost; (2) that Jesus is willing to enter into the lowly condition of any man who needs Him, hesitating not to share his misery; (3) that the gift of salvation, or cleansing from sin, is such that it ought to be a joyous message on the lips of every one experiencing it.

JANUARY 30

Ministering to Spiritual Needs

MARK 2:1-12

THE title given to this lesson is a clue to its most essential point,—that in this incident of the healing of the paralytic the Lord is represented as exercising the prerogative of divine forgiveness. Indeed, this is a characteristic not only of this single occurrence, but of the whole presentation of Christianity, that it proclaims and deals with forgiveness of sin. Anything else which it is or does has great dependence on this one great truth, that *the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin.*

It will soon be discovered that this miracle, unlike many others, is inspired by more than compassion for the sufferer. (1) It presents the chance for the Saviour to state His claim to be able to forgive sins. (2) It displays the first note of hostility to Jesus. (3) In its performance Jesus offers proof of His ability. He forgives sin and then backs up His statement by the harder task of restoring a bedridden paralytic to the full use of his limbs.

How many points arise as one goes slowly through these verses: (a) The people of Capernaum thronged Him because they were eager to see and to hear the one who aroused their curiosity and stirred their faith. (b) A helpless paralytic enlisted four friends to carry him to the healer; his faith was contagious. (c) The bearers of the pallet also had a measure of faith—at least sufficient to give their friend every chance. (d) There is no obstacle great enough to block one who is determined to find Jesus. (e) The destruction involved in opening a hole in the roof was amply justified by the end to be gained. (f) Before healing the palsied body Jesus read the heart of the sufferer, sensed the desire for more than spiritual healing, and spoke the words infinitely more important than those in rebuke to disease. (g) Not the recipient of pardon, but the strict adherents to the written law raised the objections about blasphemy. (h) The words, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk," and their visible result became at once a sign of the Lord's power in His earlier statement about forgiving sin. If He had declared forgiveness and *not* healed the body, nobody would have believed; but to declare forgiveness and *then* make strong the feeble limbs provided an undeniable proof.

What This Lesson Teaches

Faith put into action brings results.

Faith must be ready to overcome obstacles.

Physical disease is typical of spiritual disease. Both must be overcome by vigorous methods.

Jesus does more than claim to forgive sin.

Jesus always looks beneath the surface. He cannot be deceived by appearances.

(Continued from page 55)

there is no one who does not have temptations and problems and weaknesses, who does not look back upon an old year that has in it something that, when we are honest with ourselves, we wish had never been. Thank God, you have finished the old year, and thank God that you may finish to begin a new year.

Ah, sad it would be if we but finished, if there were no new year to begin! What you have written you have written, but you have not written all. The page is full, but the book is not completed; turn the page! Turn the page today!

Has the year been disastrous to your plans, or has it brushed the hand of death across your brow? Has it witnessed the wrecking of cherished ambitions or the loss of trusted friends? Has it overwhelmed you with pain and anguish? Well, the year is finished, and all of these are tragedies of the past. Begin again!

Or has the old year brought joy and peace to your door? Has it carried for you "apples of gold in pictures of silver?" Ah, then you are ready with singing lips and shouting soul to begin a new.

The old is gone, gone beyond recall, gone forever. But for the new the tide has just begun to turn. We begin!

Then what of this beginning? How shall we begin? Merchants are making inventories and taking account of stock, and we are planning in a more or less definite way our program of work and of pleasure for another year. But, as we look back, how futile it all appears! We do our best; we honor our clearest judgments, and we should; but how utterly impossible it is to anticipate the happenings of a year! The new year is for all of us a land of mystery with many a river of doubt and many an unmarked crossing. We may win and we may lose. We may greet our ships as heavy-laden they return from distant seas, or we may wait for them in vain. We may live, and we may not. We may hold the home lines firmly, or death may break through our last defences and leave a smoldering ruin in our heart. We do not make the weather, and we are seldom good prophets. There will be winter and there will be summer, but who shall tell us truly, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

We are at the beginning; but the end, and even the next step, is hidden from us. The pathway we travel unfolds as a road through the deep forests and sunny open places of an ever-changing country. We are beginning a journey to-night, a journey that calls for a guide; for with what I know of the old year, I do not care to enter the new alone. There are those by my side who went with me to the gates of death and back again, but neither they nor I would care to face the future without God. Tonight it is for me, and I hope for you, the beginning, and "in the beginning, God." He knows this way. He is master of its mysteries; to Him it has no terrors; and I am safe when by His side.

We finish to begin. I am glad. We may not know, but we do hope, hope with the hope that springs eternal in the human breast, hope with the hope that sends men and women forth with radiant faith to dare great adventure. We are at the beginning, and we are glad, glad, to have lived, glad to be alive.

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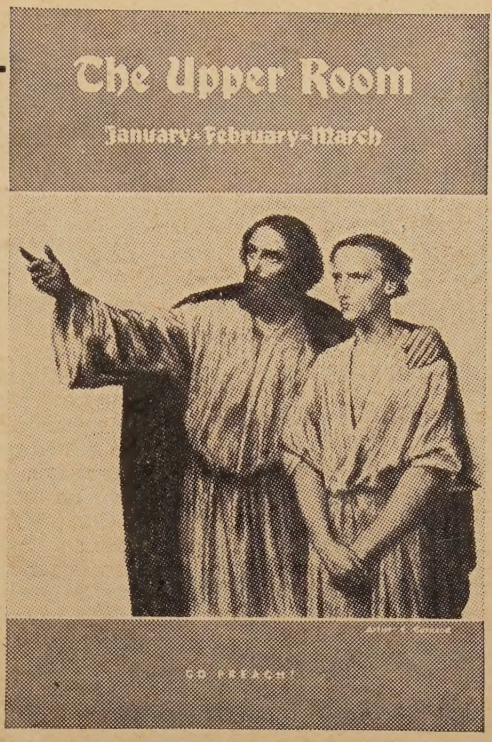

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DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 43)

past that he was the best counsellor for the present.

That is the first function of history. Yesterday is meant to teach today. In our present mood of hysteria, we need to look back across the centuries, to the really great catastrophes.

Such a retrospect shows Jesus, seated on the Mount of Olives, foretelling the disasters lying just ahead. His counsel to His disciples was to stand steady; to keep their hearts; to avoid panic and to believe God.

We do not understand these our times, O Lord; but we do know Thee; and we pray that we may carry on as those whose confidence is in Thee. Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15

IN WORLD TERMS

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.
READ MATT. 13:36-43.

WITH dramatic speech and gestures, a clergyman, reporting upon the Oxford and Edinburgh Conference of last Summer, called the roll of recent world Christian Conference. The total, thus massed, was impressive and significant. The speaker drove home the point that we must today think of our faith in world terms.

God deals in ecumenical terms. He "so loved the world"—the whole world, of many tongues, races and conditions. Our narrow congregational and denominational and national and racial conceptions of Christianity cannot live much longer. We must write "amplius" across all our canvases.

Only world-minded men and women can meet world problems today. And only a world-wide Church can be an adequate representative of the universal love and purpose of God.

Lift us into larger minds, O Infinite Father, that we may comprehend, with all saints, what is the length and breadth and height of Thy love. Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16

TUNING UP

PREPARE YE THE WAY.
READ ISA. 40:1-11.

BEFORE an orchestra can play a concert, the members must tune up their instruments. And before a life can perform harmoniously, it must be tuned up to a spiritual key.

That is why a passage from Holy Writ, a page or two from an inspiring book, a quiet meditation upon God and life, should supplement the prayers with which each day begins.

A musical friend once told me that unless watched and corrected, all chorus singing gets a bit off key. So life slumps unless consciously "tuned up." All of us need this daily preparation for the Good Life.

How discordant our lives would be, O Lord, did we not take them daily into Thy presence for renewal. We pray that we may conform to the Perfect Life of Him who is our standard. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17

THEY STILL CARRY ON

WE HAVE FELLOWSHIP.
READ I JOHN 1:1-10.

FOR as many years as I can remember the Presbyterian Sunday School Superintendents' Association has been a factor in Philadelphia's life. Recently I asked a member, a business man, about its present condition.

His face lighted up as he replied, "It is the one organization that I have known which keeps up to a high level of efficiency. Our problem is how to hold the membership down, for the average Church has dinner accommodations for only about two hundred men."

Naturally, a body that is made up of men bent on Bible teaching and Christian service, has in itself the fuel for ever-burning fires. Life does not get stale for servants busy about the King's business. Active Christian work brings rewards that money cannot buy.

We thank Thee, our Father, for the satisfactions and rewards and fellowships that are to be found in Thy service. They save age from weariness and life from disillusion. Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18

THE NEW ACCENT

WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED.
READ I COR. 1:18-31.

BOTH the world and the Church have of late years been on a wild debauch of materialism and of "new" ideas. Now a change has occurred, apparent to all who study the signs of the times. The new accent is upon the singular adequacy of Jesus Christ. For a time, we forgot Him. Now our distresses have turned us back to Him as the only Way.

All great religious gatherings, lately held, have been remarkable for their emphasis upon Christ, as the only Leader Who can save our world. We are in harmony with the world's better mood when we meditate upon the qualities of our Saviour; and, with renewed zest, study His life as we find it in the New Testament. The teacher and the preacher who dwells more upon Jesus will find that he has the latest and best and most welcome message for his listeners.

"We would see Jesus." Amidst all the lowering clouds of our day, we would seek for the face of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19

BLIND, BUT SEEING

OUR LIGHT AFFLICTIO.
READ II COR. 4:1-18.

MY NEIGHBOR, a busy housewife, with a full share of cares, has gone blind —though nothing in her radiant face reveals the affliction. But she still cheerfully carries on. Every week or oftener, she makes her way to the rescue mission in a neighboring city, where she long has been a worker.

She is a heartening companion, grateful for all the goodness of God to her; and by no means in slavery to the notion that sight, or any other faculty, is an essential part of life. In her seclusion, she has found new strength and serenity; and an even clearer vision of relative values.

To Thee, O Saviour, who didst open the eyes of the blind, we turn with a prayer for the inner vision, that the eyes of our spirits may be opened to all that is worth seeing. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20

MONEY RUINED THEM

IF RICHES INCREASE.
READ PSALM 62:1-12.

RECENTLY I saw a mother and daughter whom I had known a generation ago. Great wealth had come to them suddenly, and the manifest effect was shocking. The mother had been a beautiful young woman, the daughter a lovely child.

But they had gone a mad pace of dissipation. Now their very faces are embruted. Their bizarre and over-rich raiment signalized the loss of good taste. The daughter had been married and divorced. Money had mastered and wrecked both of them.

Many are so devastated by money that it has been to them only bad fortune.

Thou who knowest what is best for us, hast granted to most of us the privileges and discipline of poverty. We would thank Thee that our souls have escaped the destructiveness of riches. Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21

LIVING BUDDHAS

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.
READ JOHN 14:25-31.

IN JAPAN I once met two living Buddhas," as they were called, venerable monks far along the road to Buddhist sainthood. The quality about them which abides in memory is their serenity. They had attained the strength of quietness and confidence, and were at peace.

That same serenity is a universal mark of saintliness. Flustered, hurried, anxious, fretful Christians are no advertisement of the Gospel of peace. There was a command, as well as a permission, in the Master's "Let not your heart be troubled."

For many reasons I like to go among the "plain people" of Pennsylvania's German community; but chiefly because of the serene faces on which is stamped the signature of God's peace.

May our hearts, gracious Father, find rest in Thee, and refuge from all the carking cares of the world's life. Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22

BY THE BIER

I SHOW YOU A MYSTERY.
READ I COR. 15:51-58.

AN EX-PRESIDENT of the United States, and many other distinguished persons, were present at the funeral services of a great editor. There was no eulogy spoken, for none was needed, although the significance of the life that our friend had lived was uppermost in all thoughts.

As a religious service, the funeral was deeply impressive. The great affirmations of Scripture, read by the officiating clergymen, fell weightily upon the solemnized company. A soloist sang "Alleluia!", "Crossing the Bar," and "Abide with Me," supplementing and reenforcing the message of the Bible passages.

At the end, there is only one word to be spoken over the bier of the great and the lowly alike—the sublime truth of a Saviour and of a resurrection.

As we lay our dear dead away—which all of us must one day do—we pray, our Father, that, in death as in life, we may testify to Thy love. Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23

NOT TOO SOLEMN

LIKE A MEDICINE.
READ PROV. 17:22-28.

SITTING beside Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the famous octogenarian surgeon and Bible teacher, I was more impressed by the kindly humor and humanness of the man than by his admirable formal address. (Later, reading over his amazing record of scientific achievements in "Who's Who," I was fairly overwhelmed by a consciousness of the greatness that has made him world famous.)

Simple, genial, democratic, given to many a quip and jest, he puts behind his passionate teaching of the Bible the weight of a great personality and the winsomeness of a friendly man.

"The wisest men
That e'er you ken,
Have never deemed it treason,
To rest a bit,
And jest a bit,
And balance up their reason."

Sunniness goes with saintliness. Sour saints are an anomaly. Jesus was the Good Companion.

We pray today, our Father, that the joy of the Lord may make our lives luminous. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24

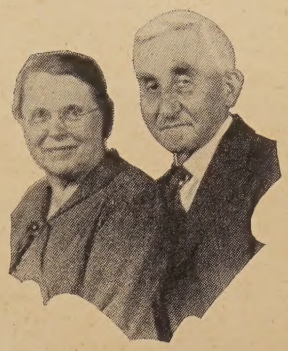
THOSE CATALOGUES

GREAT WAS THE COMPANY OF THOSE THAT PUBLISHED IT.
READ PSALM 68:11-20.

I DELIGHT in mail order catalogues, with their glimpses into the wide range of human needs and interests. At the moment, I have in hand a catalogue of special religious interest, that of the David C. Cook Company.

(Continued on page 64)

DESIGN FOR HAPPINESS



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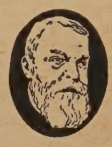

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DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 63)

It is thrilling to behold, behind these pages, all the multitude of Sunday School workers, with their ingenious plans for carrying on the Master's cause. It should hearten every Christian to know that there are thousands of consecrated men and women constantly busy about ways of helping the churches and the Sunday Schools to function more effectively and attractively. The newspapers never record their activities; the big world knows little of them; but they are potent servants of the Kingdom of God.

As we catch a vision of the hosts of Thy friends, our Master, who are skillfully and tirelessly busy for Thee, our own hearts are fortified. We pray that we may be of this great fellowship.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25

GOOD NEWS FROM CHINA

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.
READ REV. 2:8-11.

IN SHARP contrast with the guileful, timorous, self-seeking activities of the nations with respect to China's plight is the attitude of the missionaries, who see in the present tragic events only an increased call to service.

Leave the danger zone? Not they: wives and children may be sent to safety, but the men, and the single women, are of one mind in their purpose to remain steadfast to their mission of service and Good News. In peril? Of course; but these heralds of Christ had already dedicated their lives to China, so death has no terrors for them. This is the hour of China's need, and of the Gospel's opportunity, so the missionaries carry on, in the finest tradition of their faith.

O Christ, who didst go to the cross in fulfillment of Thy mission, we thank Thee for Thy servants who do not falter or fail in fulfillment of their call.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26

HOW THEY SANG!

SING UNTO THE LORD.
READ PSALM 30:1-12.

"WAIT till you hear these folks sing," said the old Colonel, at the annual dinner of the Chester Union Gospel Rescue Mission. "You never heard anything like it."

They not only sang, but they also set me to singing, which I can do only in the privacy of my own home or when my voice is covered by a crowd. They sang the old hymns that I had not heard for a quarter of a century, real "Gospel Songs." It was easy to see the connection between a singing religion and a soul-saving mission.

We all expect to sing the "new song" in heaven; what better preparation than to sing the old songs on earth?

Make us singing saints, O our great Leader. Help us to hearten ourselves and others by the dear strains of the Gospel set to music. Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27

THEY BROUGHT GIFTS

WHO GIVETH US RICHLY.
READ I TIM. 6:17-21.

DEBORAH and Docky had come to Grandfather's birthday party, bearing gifts. As they rushed to greet him, their painfully wrapped parcels were extended eagerly—pencils, writing pads, and a pencil-sharpener, all purchased with their own saved pennies. With eager eyes they watched the unwrapping, volunteering information the while. To them, the most exciting event of that family party, exceeding even interest in the ice cream, was the gifts they themselves had brought.

In the larger realm, it is when we give to God—our time, our worship, our hearts—that we get most from God.

We would be sharing, giving disciples of Thine, O Lord; that our own lives may be saved from staleness and that Thy pleasure may be increased. Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28

WHAT MAKES A PEARL?

GLORY IN TRIBULATIONS.
READ ROM. 5:1-11.

SOMEBODY once said that "a pearl is a garment of patience wrapped about a grievance." Every pearl begins with an irritation within the oyster's shell.

There is a life lesson in this simple fact of nature. Troubles, such as everybody has, may destroy us or enrich us. The New Testament is explicit in its teachings about the mission of tribulation.

Even by our infirmities and griefs, we would bring forth virtues to glorify Thee, O All-Wise Dispenser of life. Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29

FLOWERS IN THE DESERT

ADD TO YOUR FAITH.
READ II PET. 1:1-11.

ONE of the season's new books that is certain to grow into wide favor is "Three Deserts," by Major C. S. Jarvis, late Governor of Sinai. The author tells me that I am the book's grandfather, because, at a chance meeting in Sinai, I incited him to write his book.

This richly readable book has as many facets as a cut diamond. At the moment, I am musing upon its beautiful chapter about gardens. For Jarvis Bey, with a cultivated Englishman's love of flowers, made the desert about his home to "blossom as a rose."

Is our lot a desert exile? Plant it with the flowers of the heart. Pains and patience will produce blooms of beauty in the least hospitable places.

Our prayer today is that we may "adorn the Gospel," causing flowers of grace to grow where none ever grew before. This we ask, O Lord, in the Name of the beauty-shedding Christ. Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 30

"MARRY THE RIGHT GIRL"

IN THY GRANDMOTHER.
READ II TIM. 1:1-14.

WHEN our boys were youngsters, wholesome, normal and well-behaved, I was occasionally approached by my professor neighbors inquiring my theory for raising boys.

I would look wise, and avow that I had a theory which always worked.

"My theory for raising boys can be told in a single phrase—marry the right girl."

Often my questioners would look disappointed. They had hoped for some elaborate system of child-training, Whereas, God and nature long ago established homes upon that great simplicity, the character of the parents, especially the Mother. Not out of a book, but out of the blood, come the qualities of life.

For godly forbears, we give Thee thanks, O Heavenly Father. Grant us wisdom to transmit to our children the best we have from them, and from Thee.

•

FAREWELL AND HAIL!

By Truman Hollis Woodward

Farewell, Old Year! Sorrow and joy
Were your blended potion, your strange alloy.
Hail, New Year! Nor canst thou bless
With undiluted happiness.
At which I joy, for sorrow and pain
Are like the storms of wind or rain:
Oft unwonted, yet life to the flower;
Strength to the tree; to the millwheel, power.
New Year, whatever you bring to me
Is from God's own hand, so I welcome thee.

•

MONDAY, JANUARY 31

THE FLAG GOES BY

HONOR THE KING.
READ I PET. 2:11-25.

WITH a choke in the throat, a mist in the eyes, and strange thrills chasing one another up and down our spines, we watch the fifty massed national flags go by, borne aloft by sturdy Boy Scouts, with two thousand of their comrades following in procession. So began an evening's demonstration, before three thousand proud parents, kinsfolk and friends, of Scoutcraft in all of its forms.

Nobody could have the Communist jitters in such a presence. Of these lads it could be said, "It is well with the child." Add to the Scouts the Sunday School, and all the other youth-training agencies in the land, and we see that, despite our shortcomings, we are doing something for the preparation of the citizens of tomorrow.

For all the forces in our land that are cooperating with Thee, O God, in the training of young lives into fitness for life, we give grateful thanks today.